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WIT, HUMOR,

PATHOS AND PARODIES

—BY—

WILLIAM DE VERE.

ARRANGED FOR PUBLIC AND PARLOR RECITATION AND READING.

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PREFACE.

KIND reader: Should you have the temerity to tackle this book, please remember that the writer is an orphan, and whatever may be your ideas in regard to his sanity do not ventilate them, for they may ferment a revolution and cause the destruction of an irresponsible human being. My reasons for writing this book is simply to show the community how much cheek a person can have and still escape the vigilance committee. I acknowledge my culpability and can plead no excuse. But should any of my few readers discover any latent spark of genius that is commendable, or unearth any thought that may be considered sensible, please consider it an error of the head and not of the heart and I disavow it. To the ladies and gentlemen whose copied articles will make and embellish this volume, and especially to "Bill Nye" for his valuable contributions, I am truly grateful.

WM. DE VERE.

DEDICATORY.

To my life-long and tried friend, the one who has kindly smiled at my old "chestnuts," and whose bright genius has encrusted with gold some of my adolescent attempts at poetasteing, Mr. John D. Gilbert, this little volume is affectionately inscribed

By the Author.

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DE VERE'S

WIT, HUMOR, PATHOS AND PARODIES.

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

THE time is four o'clock, an autumn twilight:
  The scene (we'll say) a corner grocery store,
With bar-room in the rear, which 'neath the gaslight,
  Shows blear-eyed visages, perhaps a score;
Old Jabez Bell, and red-nosed Charley Warner,
  Ike Biggs, Jim Craine, and Ebenezer Cobb,
And old "Bud Jones, the Lush," sat in the corner,
  While Jabez ordered "booze for all the mob."

Each filled his glass brimful and running over,
  With rum or whiskey, beer or old Tom gin,
When from the street in front the grocery store
  A weary-looking child came sadly in.
Hushed was the jest, the ribald toast unuttered,
  For e'en these men, so reckless, rough and wild,
Had children of their own, and Jabez muttered:
  "Hush! Cheese it! Horace, wait upon the child."

"Good evening, Sis; how is your ailing mother?"
  The boy inquired, with kindly voice and meek.
"She's better, thanks;" and tears she tried to smother
  Came slowly coursing down her faded cheek;
"Give me a penny bun, a little butter,
  A nickel 's all that mamma has to give,
But give me all you can," she faintly uttered,
  "Poor, darling mamma she must eat and live."

"All right," the cheery grocery boy responded,
"Sit down and rest you; never mind, don't cry;
You're tired to death, you're all worn out with watching,
I'll get them in the twinkling of an eye."
"Oh, thanks!" And nickel pressed 'twixt thumb and finger,
She leans her weary head back on the seat,
And while the boy with scanty parcel lingers,
The tired eyes close, and she is fast asleep.

While (peering from the smoky bar-room) weeping,
The motley crowd of whiskey-drinkers stand,
With eyes fixed on the face upturned and sleeping
So sound, the nickel clutched within her hand.

Yes, tears are coursing from bleared eyelids steady,
Such men are not the worst in all the land,
And often drunkards' hearts are ever ready
To help the needy ones with willing hand.
And "even as ye give to these" came ringing
Down thro' the fumes of whiskey, gin, and wine,
"Ye do it also unto me," 'tis bringing
A mother's teaching of the olden time.

"Hush, boys," said Jabez, "while we stand here drinkin',
And tossing all our cash behind the bar—
Look at that little angel thar, I'm thinkin'
That we can use our money better thar.
Here's my old beaver—here's a dollar starter—
Cuss me, I'm snivelling like a snide old muff—
Here, Iky Biggs, Jim Craine, Bud Jones, be smarter;
Go down into yer jeans, dig up the stuff."

Down went each hand, and quickly dropped the ready,
Old Jabez chuckled, "Here's five 'plunkers' cold.—
"Hist, boy! Come here. Walk softly. Hush! be steady;
Take in this silver, give us five in gold.
Now all keep quiet, don't ye breathe or whisper,
And I'll walk easy, so the floor won't squeak;
Ike Biggs, don't sneeze, or any of ye lisp, or
Ye'll wake the kid before I make the sneak."

Old Jabez tip-toed softly toward the sleeper,
  And takes the nickel with unsteady hand,
Replacing there the gold-piece, "Nothing slicker
  Could e'er be done," he whispered, "in the land."
But hush, she turns her head and softly mutters,
  "Give us this day our daily bread." "It seems
She's praying in her sleep," Jim Filkins utters,
  "Keep still! What is she saying in her dreams."

The blazing sun sank in the amber olden,
  And fell athwart the sleeper's lovely face,
And tinged the shimmering hair with ripples golden,
  Forming a picture that a world might grace;
The tears are stealing slowly down the faces
  Of those rough men, almost ashamed to weep;
Old Jabez whispers, "Boys, let's drink to brace us,"
  And starts the sleeper from her troubled sleep.

She looks! behold! the nickel's left her fingers,
  Replaced by gold, the like was never seen;
"Oh, see!" she cries (while shade of doubt still lingers),
  "See what the angels brought me in my dreams.
Dear mamma said that if I prayed I never
  Would fail to get my wish; and on that seat
I prayed to God for help for starving mamma,
  And see, the angels brought it in my sleep.

"Fill up a basket, fill it overflowing,
  With all the goodies you have in the store,
And bring it for me, please, I must be going,
  To make dear mamma happy now once more.
And when I kneel to-night in holy prayer,
  And humbly 'pray the Lord my soul to keep,'
I'll say a word for every angel there,
  Who heard my prayers while I was asleep."

OLD YALLER.

A TRUE STORY.

THIS happened way out in the diggin's,
An' Bill run a gin mill out thar;
He was a sort of an honerary customer,
With a squint, and a shock of red hair;
He had an old dog he called Yaller,
Bill said he was great on the fight,
But, lordy! we thought he was lyin',
Or braggin' because he was tight.

But it seems that Bill (over in England)
Was a dog fitein' man so they say,
An' this ere mean lookin' old Yaller
Had licked every dog in his way.
He was a meek lookin' old creeter,
He'd make up with the gang, old or young,
But a regular rip tearer when started,
As you'll see when my story is done.

One day a young chap struck the diggin's;
He was travellin' on to New York
With a bull purp could lick a hyena,
To believe all his long-winded talk.
Durn my eyes! but the dog was a stunner,
Trim and short, bow-legged an' red-eyed,
And none on us doubted the critter
Could make a game fight if he tried.

Well yer see this ere chap was one mornin'
Kind a leanin' down onto Bill's bar,
When old Yaller cum trottin' in meek like—
He allus was loafin' round thar;
The bull pup he started for Yaller,
But the New York chap collared his pup,
An' says, "Now you shut up that dog thar,
If you don't want him total chawed up.

Yer see my dog 's trained for a fighter,
An' when he sees dog, black or white,
He'll pitch in ef I aint a lookin'
An' chaw that same dog out of sight.
Now, I'd hate like the devil to have him
Kill that good natured ole dorg of yourn,
But keep him tied up while I'm here, Bill,
Or he's gone dorg as sure as your born."

Bill grinned, then he said, " Why, old Yaller,
He's no good, all the time in the way;
S'pose we have a dog fight in the bar-room—
Come, stranger, now what do you say?
And to make the thing sort of excitin',
As Yaller's my dog, I'll jest bet
A hundred that he (in ten minutes)
Can clean out yer prize-fitein' pet."

" Poor Yaller," said Bill, kinder meek like,
" Yer time 's almost cum fur to die."
An' Yaller looked up, tail a waggin',
With a kind of sly wink in his eye.
And Bill hollered out, " Come on in, boys,
Come and see this ere prize-fitein' pup;
We must have some little excitement,
So he 's goin' to chaw Yaller up."

Well, they came in; each man held his dog there;
Ole Yaller was snarlin' like mad,
An' you bet the bull pup was a grinnin'
An' lookin' most all-fired bad.
At a word the dogs met, in a minute
Yaller had the prize dog by the throat,
An' he chawed an' he chawed, never givin'
The bull pup a chance for a holt.

An' he chawed till the pup kicked the bucket,
Then he trotted, quite meek, like away,
As if he'd done nothin' uncommon
But chaw up bull pups every day.

An' Bill gobbled up the bet money,
Smilin' like at the defunct bull pup,
An' says he, "Now, who else 's got a dog here
That wants ter chaw ole Yaller up?"

The city chap sneaked off quite quiet,
And went to New York the next day.
Ole Yaller is trottin' around yet,
Kinder innercent like in his way.
Bill 's jolly as ever, an' boasting
An' braggin' about his old pup,
An' he never gets tired of tellin'
How the prize dog chawed ole Yaller up.

"*Ullie.*"

THAT BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

A PARODY.

"OH the snow, that beautiful snow,"
That flies in your face, wherever you go,
That's twisted and whirled in some "dizzy" old street
Till it blinds your poor eyes, and freezes your feet.
It's all very fine, that "beautiful snow,"
If you've cash in your pocket, and somewhere to go.
But the poet was born in summer, I know,
That finds something pretty in "beautiful snow."

"Beautiful," is it? Humph! "beautiful snow,"
When "it falls on a sinner, nowhere to go."
It seems to me, now (I'm a practical man,
I'm no love-sick damsel or innocent lamb,
Therefore I cannot be expected, you know,
To stand on my head about "beautiful snow")—
It seems to me, now, that this dreamer should go
And bury himself in his "beautiful snow."

"Beautiful" is it, eh?—"beautiful snow,"
The thermometer just ten degrees below,
Your overcoat "hocked," not a cent in your "kick,"
And "beautiful snow" till you can't see a brick
In the sidewalks, around in some "last" country town,
And that "beautiful snow" is still coming down.
Why, if I had a room with a fire all aglow,
I could envy the "crank" who wrote "Beautiful Snow."

"Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love."
I wish they would keep it in heaven, not throw
So much down on earth of that "beautiful snow."
Gentle as love? how can they say so;
See how it sticks, it never will go.
March, April, and May may come and may go,
And still we'll be blessed with darned "beautiful snow."

ROGER.

BUY Roger! Why, stranger, yer crazy,
  Yer a little bit off yer kerbase;
That dog is a regular daisy,
  He's got the first place in the race.
He's travelled the kentry all over,
  From Dodge City down to the sea,
An' thar ain't enough dust in yer trousers
  To purchase old Roger from me.

Do ye know what he done? Well, I'll tell yer.
  What, drink! I don't care if I do.
Straight pizen (here's how), but to sell yer
  My dog, that's too cursed bran new.
When Big Ed Silk that was my pardner,
  Was runnin' a place in the mines,
An' grubbin' like blazes to keep up
  His end, in some cursed hard times;

We'd bin up all night in the dance hall,
  An' closed up the shanty all hunk,
We'd took our last "ball" in the mornin'
  An' each tumbled into his bunk;
We forgot all our joys and our sorrows,
  Each was snoozin' as sweet as a lamb,
Not a thinkin' of trouble to-morrows,
  An' none on us carin' a d—n;

When a racket wuz raised in the castle,
  As if all the devils in hell
Had thundered around the old Bastile,
  An' dropped in upon us, pell mell;
But I was so sleepy from boozin',—
  For the licker'd got the best of my head,—
That I couldn't have woke from my snoozin'
  Till Roger sprung onto the bed.

With a yell like the scream of a human
  He tore off the clothes with a roar,
An' nailin' me right by the collar
  He tumbled me right on the floor.
I grabbed for my shooter—confound me,
  I staggered. Ole man, I'm no liar,
The roof an' the walls all around me
  War blazin' with seethin' red fire.

With a howl (like a wounded hyena)
  He sprang through a hole in the wall,
An' I followed blindly behind him,
  Each minit expectin' to fall.
Right thro' where the smoke was the thickest,
  Barkin' loudly the whole of the way,
Went Roger; I'll never forget it,
  If I live till the great judgment day.

We'd jest cleared the front, I an' Roger,
  When in fell the roof with a crash,
That sounded as if "Hell's half acre"
  Had tumbled upon us kersmash;

An' Roger wuz prancin' around me,
  With a look jest ez much as to say,
"Ole man, if I hadn't hev found ye,
  'The turn would have come Jack Box' to-day."

Since then we've been pardners together.
  Some days we get wheat, and some chaff,
But whether it's chicken or feathers,
  Old Roger's entitled to half.
Ask Batt Masterson or Tom Daniels
  If "Roge" knows the lay of the land.
He can find ev'ry Appache Tepee,
  From Tombstone to the Rio Grande.

An' if "tenderfoot" should abuse Roger
  When one of "the gang" is in sight,
Take my word for it, stranger, that codger
  Had better get ready to fight.
Not a place from the worst to the finest,
  A hotel, shanty, or ranche,
From the San Juan down to Guymas,
  But Roger hez got a Carte Blanche.

I've seen many friends in my travels,
  Some friends which the world will call game,
But the friendship of my old dog Roger
  Would put all others to shame.
They weaken when sorrow and trouble
  Comes on you—they are not true blue,
But, stranger, right thar is a pardner
  Who'll stick through it all staunch an' true.

So put up yer "leather" thar, stranger,
  An' hoist in some licker with me.
I've prospected from Butte, Montana,
  Plum down thro' to old Sante Fe,
An' thar ain't a man in the whole kentry,
  No matter how much he would give,
Could purchase my dog thar, old Roger,
  (Here's to yer) as long as I live.

WHY SHE WAITED.

THE night was dark and stormy, and the thunder's awful roll
Which followed on each blinding flash struck terror to the soul.
God help the homeless ones to-night, no wonder they rebel
And curse the chains of poverty that bind them but too well.
Down comes the rain, and every drop goes searching to the skin
Of those who're clothed in silk or rags, in virtue or in sin.
Right in the teeth of all the storm a lonely woman stands,
The veins upon her face are seen in light pale-bluish bands;
Her eyes with fire unnatural from sockets seem to burst,
Her lips are parched and feverish, unquenchable her thirst.
Like the statue of a goddess needing but the breath of life,
There she stands in all the terrors of this elemental strife;
As the passers-by behold her how they shudder at the sight,
And say, "God help the creature who is out in such a night!"
With eye that seems immovable she gazes on the door
Of a brilliantly illumined and a gorgeous liquor store.
What can be the woman's mission? and for what can she await?
What is there in that doorway that her gaze can fascinate?
Has her brain been crazed by sorrow? has her life been wrecked by sin?
Is she thinking of the comforts that's procurable within?
For that look in all its wildness would a heart of stone make bleed,
And the secret of my story is most terrible indeed.
Six months have barely passed since she became a happy bride,
In the little village church with her young husband by her side.
'Tis here she waits her husband, 'tis for him that we must grieve,
She is waiting, calmly waiting, with a poker up her sleeve.

J. F. Mitchell.

YANKED TO ETERNITY.

ONCE when a section crew came down the mountain on the South Park road from Alpine Tunnel to Buena Vista, a very singular thing occurred which has never yet been given to the public. Every one who knows anything at all, knows that riding down the mountain on a push car, descending at the rate of over two hundred feet to the mile, means utter destruction unless the brake is on. This brake is nothing more nor less than a piece of scantling which is applied between one of the wheels and the car bed in such a way as to produce great friction. The section crew referred to got on at Hancock, with their bronzed and glowing hides as full of arsenic and rainwater as they could possibly hold. Being recklessly drunk they enjoyed the increased velocity of the car wonderfully until the section boss lost the brake off the car, and then there was a slight feeling of anxiety. The car at last acquired a velocity like that of a young and frolicsome bob-tailed comet turned loose in space. The boys began to get nervous at last and asked each other what should be done. There seemed to be absolutely nothing to do but to shoot onward into the golden presently. All at once the section boss thought of something. He was drunk, but the deadly peril of the moment suggested an idea. There was a rope on the car which would do to tie to something heavy and cast off for an anchor. The idea was only partially successful however, for there was nothing to tie to but a spike hammer. This was tried, but it wouldn't work.

Then it was decided to tie it to some one of the crew and cast him loose in order to save the lives of those who remained. It was a glorious opportunity. It was a heroic thing to do. It was like Arnold Wanklered's great sacrifice by which victory was gained by filling his own system full of lances and making a toothpick holder of himself in order that his comrades might break through the ranks of their foes.

George O'Mally, the section boss, said that he was willing that Patsy McBride should snatch the laurels from outrageous fortune and bind them on his brow. But Mr. McBride said that he did not care much for the encomiums of the world; he hadn't lost any encomiums and didn't want to trade his liver for two dollars' worth of damaged laurels. Every one declined. All seemed willing to go down into history without any ten-line pay local, and wanted some one else to get the effulgence. Finally it was decided that a man by the name of Christian Christianson was the man to tie to. He had the asthma anyhow, and life wasn't much of an object to him. So they said that although he declined, he must take the nomination, as he was in the hands of his friends. So they tied the rope around Christian and cast anchor.

* * * * * * * * *

The car slowed up, at last stopped still. The plan had succeeded. Five happy wives greeted their husbands that night as they returned from the jaws of destruction. Christian Christianson did not return. The days may come and the days may go, but Christian's wife will look up toward the summit of the snow crowned mountains in vain. He will never entirely

return, he has done so partially, of course, but there are still missing fragments of him, and it looks as though he must have lost his life.—*Bill Nye.*

BEND, BUT NEVER BREAK.

THE MOTTO OF THE "TOUGH CLUB."

A FRIENDLY invitation was extended me one night,
To meet a social party whose fraternal hearts were light;
And as the joke and song went 'round for old acquaintance' sake,
I read their motto on the wall: "We bend, but never break."

I wondered as I pondered o'er the motto staunch and true,
How hearts could be made lighter were this always kept in view.
The cyclone and the hurricane the giant oak may shake,
They pass—it rears its giant head. 'Twill "bend, but never break."

Thus is it with a manly will, when troubles compass 'round,
While toiling up Life's rugged hill, with difficulties bound.
Utopia lies on the height, the journey we must make.
Be staunch and true, keep to the right, and "bend, but never break."

And so it is a noble heart affliction oft will test
The gold within the crucible, and stamp it as the best.
When all we love, or hope, or fear, has proved a sad mistake,
The heart chokes down affection's tear—'twill "bend, but never break."

All honor to your motto then, and may each loyal heart
Forever keep it prominent, and each one play his part.
And when o'er Death's dark river old each one the voyage must take,
Write on his tomb in words of gold, "We bend, but never break."

THAT QUEEN.

THE Judge was a Christian and played on the square,
  But he figured the cards pretty close!
He could call off your hand every time to a pair,
  And lay down a "full" when he chose.

The Colonel could play a more difficult game,—
  I don't mean to say he would cheat,
But he held the top card when the big betting came,
  And some hands that couldn't be beat.

Coming home from Chicago the two chanced to meet—
  They were very old friends—on the cars;
And as neither the other at poker could beat,
  They played euchre, five points, for cigars.

The cards ran along pretty evenly, too,
  Till the Judge turned a moment his head,
When the Colonel, in shuffling, slipped the deck through
  And the Judge cut a cold one instead.

'Twas euchre, of course; but the Judge was amazed
  When he lifted four kings in a lump;
But the Colonel, not seeming a particle dazed,
  Turned up a red queen for a trump.

"You say—do you pass, Judge?" the Colonel called out;
  "Look here," said the limb of the law,
"I've mighty queer cards; if you're in for a bout,
  We'll play this one hand out at draw."

The Colonel considered, and wriggled his neck—
  "I, too, have a very odd hand;
If you'll give me that queen from the top of the deck,
  We'll play out the cards as they stand."

"Agreed," said the Judge, for he saw at a glance
  The Colonel had one of two things—
A full, or four queens, and he hadn't a chance
  To rake down the pot from four kings.

The Judge chipped with fifty; the Colonel came back;
  The Judge answered him with a raise;
Of the bets the two made I could never get track,
  But they piled up, like gals in a chaise.

At last says the Judge, "Here, I'm hunting no more—
  Four kings; reach us over that pot."—
"Hold on," says the Colonel, "I, too, have found four,
  And they're four little aces I've got."

The Judge took the cards and looked over them well,
  Fetched a breath from his trousers' waistband—
"Well, what I'd like to know is, what in h—l
  That queen had to do with that hand."

THE TRAMP'S LETTER.

[NOTE.—The reply of a tramp to an editor, who had said in his local column that a tramp came into town.]

"A TRAMP came into town? Well, yes, I guess that's true,
'Twould change a saint to a sinner, the times that I've gone through.
This world's chuck full of trouble, and some get more'n their share,
And when I get to thinking, I can't keep back a tear.

There is no man so hardened, but somewhere in his heart
There's a cord that's mighty tender, that will make a tear-drop start.
There is no pool so muddy, but what (a crystal drop)
If you only stir it deep enough, will send a bubble up.

Kind words will do the business, and they cost so little too,
To me it's very singular, those that get 'em are so few.
But folks don't follow scripture, their hearts all sot on pelf,
They've got no love for a neighbor, but lots of it for themself.

This world's a billiard table, the corners mighty sharp,
And the poor man's bound to hit 'em, no matter though he's smart.
But when you've lots of money you can easily get through,
You can kinder massé the balls, you know, and cushion the angles too.

While those who's poor and ignorant have got to bear the yoke,
You can laugh at their condition, but, old top, it ain't no joke.
But this airn't all there is, though—why, it's nothing but a dream
And you are only a little boat that's floating down the stream.

And when your voyage is ended, and you've run your craft ashore,
Don't you know, with all your money, you must mingle with the poor?
Why, certainly, you must, Friend "Quad," as sure as you are born,
For that money won't avail you on that resurrection morn.

As like as not some poor old tramp will whisper in your ear,
"In life you didn't know me, but there's no distinction here."
And when the books are balanced, and you of cash bereft,
Perhaps the tramp will take the right, while you will take the left.

If every tramp and millionaire wore his crimes upon his brow,
Do you suppose they'd walk these streets as bold as they do now?
Ah! no, I rather reckon not, but on the other hand,
The style of hats would change too quick, with wide brims in demand.

Well, good-bye, take care of yourself, I guess we'll meet again,
And when we do, you bet your life, we'll meet as *different* men.

THE TRUE TALE OF WILLIAM TELL.

WILLIAM TELL ran a hay ranch near Bergelen about 580 years ago. Tell had lived in the mountains all his life, and shot chamois and chipmunks with a cross-gun till he was a bad man to stir up.

At that time Switzerland was run principally by a lot of carpet-baggers from Austria, and Tell got down on them about the year 1307. It seems that Tell wanted the government contract to furnish hay at $45 a ton for the year 1306, and Gessler, who was controlling the patronage of Switzerland, let the contract to an Austrian who had a big lot of condemned hay further up the gulch.

One day Gessler put his plug hat up on a telegraph pole, and issued order 236, regular series, to the effect that every snoozer who passed down the toll road should bow to it.

Gessler happened to be in behind the bush when Tell went by, and he noticed that Bill said "Shoot the hat," and didn't salute it, so he told his men to gather Mr. Tell in and put him in the refrigerator.

Gessler told him that if he would shoot a crab-apple from the head of his only son, at 200 yards, with a cross-gun, he would give him his liberty.

Tell consented, and knocked the apple higher than Gilroy's kite. Old Gessler, however, noticed another arrow sticking in William's girdle, and he asked what kind of a flowery break that was.

Tell told him that if he had killed the kid instead of busting the apple, he intended to drill a hole through

the stomach of Mr. Gessler. This made Gessler mad again, and he took Tell on a picnic up the river in irons.

Tell jumped off when he got a good chance, and cut across a bend in the river, and when the picnic party came down he shot Gessler deader than a mackerel.—*Bill Nye.*

KITTY'S ALBUM.

I OPE the little book, and thro' its pages look,
Storied—so sweetly—with romance and rhyme:
Secure from every ill, yet deftly peopled still,
By fauns and druids of an olden time.

But here's a spot of ground, by mortal yet unfound,
Sacred to nymph and sylvan deity,
Where foiled Apollo glides, and bashful Daphne hides,
Safe in the shelter of her laurel tree.

I would not rudely shake the dew drop from the brake,
Fringing the border of your little fairy dell.
All the delights which are, the present and the far,
Lose half their charms by being known too well.

And he mistakes who tries to solve all mysteries,
Who leaves no thing unseen, no path untracked,
Who seeks to know too much, brushes (with eager touch)
The bloom of fancy from the briar of fact.

Keep one fair myth aloof from firm and solid proof,
Preserve some dear delusions as they seem,
Since the reality, how bright soe'er it be,
Shines dull and cold beside our wondrous dream.

Leave this white page unscoured, this rare realm unexplored,
And let dear fancy roam here—if she will.
Whichever way you turn, however much you learn,
Let there be something left to dream of still.

LOST HOURS.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN our vision of happiness, gone past recall,
Hangs, a beautiful picture, on memory's wall,
When fond recollection, meandering alone,
Reflects the heart's wishes of days that are flown,—
It is then we look down from experience' height,
From the *wrong* side of destiny, picture the *right*,
And viewing, perspectively, death's blighting frost,
We weep o'er the ruins of hours that are lost.

THAT MONEYLESS MAN.

A PARODY.

Is there no place on the top of this land
Where a rich man will shake a poor "gauk" by the hand?
Where the ministers preach that bums have a soul,
And the bar boy wont "kick" when "stood off" for a bowl?
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a staunch Christian to open the door?
Go and search the world over as far as you can,
There's no comfort here for a moneyless man.

Go into an "opium joint," now, and try
To close up the presiding mandarin's eye.
Lay down on the bunk there and order a pipe,
You'll play mighty lucky if you get a "snipe."
Where ringlets of smoke make you quickly appear
A richly dressed "guy" with ten thousand a year,
Go there with your "joshing" and find if you can
Who'll load up a pipe for the moneyless man.

Then tackle old faro, don't weaken a bit,
And play the "six four" with a second-hand split
Pick up a "white sleeper," get smashed in the ear,
And land on your head in a tub of stale beer;
Wipe the filth from your eyes, just frescoed with a bang,
Get called an "old Jonah" by all of the "gang;"
Just tell them you're dry, and then see, if you can,
Who'll set up a "booze" for the moneyless man.

Hear old miners talk over "carbonites" and "drifts,"
Then "take in" the bar-room and look at the "stiffs"
Who wait to cross over the river of time,
Not caring if they have a dollar or dime;
Or go to New Mexico—there you may stay
Till you get the pneumonia and your mustache turns gray,
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span
There's six feet of earth for a moneyless man.

YOU KNOW.

A SONNET.

HOURS like those I passed with you,
So brief, so fleeting, and so few,
Can never greet me more—farewell:
My heart does feel, but dares not tell,
The raptures of those hours of light
Redeemed from sorrow's darkest night.
For late we meet, too soon we part,
Yet thou art dearer to my heart
Than those whom I have known for years,
Who smiled my smile, who wept my tears.
Farewell, and absent thou shalt seem,
The vision of ethereal dream,
Too bright on such as me to dwell.
It must be so—farewell, farewell.

MANIA FOR MARKING CLOTHES.

"THE most quiet, unobtrusive man I ever knew," said Buck Bramel to a Boomerang man, "was a young fellow who went into North Park in an early day from the Salmon River. He was also reserved and taciturn among the miners, and never made any suggestions if he could avoid it. He was also the most thoughtful man about other people's comfort I ever knew.

I went into the cabin one day where he was lying on the bed and told him that I had decided to go into Laramie for a couple of weeks to do some trading. I put my valise down on the floor and was going out, when he asked me if my clothes were marked. I told him that I never marked my clothes; if the washerwoman wanted to mix up my wardrobe with that of a female seminary I would have to stand it I supposed.

He thought I ought to mark my clothes before I went away and said that he would attend to it for me. So he took down his revolver and put three shots through my valise.

After that a coolness sprang up between us, and the warm friendship that had existed so long was more or less busted. After that, he marked a man's clothes over in Leadville in the same way, only the man had them on at the time. He seemed to have a mania on that subject, and as they had no insanity experts in Leadville in those days, they thought the most economical way to examine his brain, would be to hang him, and then send his brain to New York in a baking powder can.

So they hung him one night to the bough of a sighing mountain pine. The autopsy was of course crude, but they sawed open his head and scooped out the brain with a long handled spoon and sent it on to New York. By some mistake or other it got mixed up with some sample specimens of ore from the Brindle Tom Cat discovery, and was sent to the assayer in New York instead of the insanity smelter and refiner, as was intended. The result of it was that the assayer wrote a very touching and grieved letter to the boys, saying that he was an old man anyway, and he wished they would consider his gray hairs and not try to palm off their old groceries on him. He might have made errors in his assays perhaps, all men were more or less liable to mistakes, but he flattered himself that he could still distinguish between a piece of blossom rock and a can of decomposed lobster salad, even if it was in a baking powder can. He hoped they would not try to be facetious at his expense any more, but treat him as they would like to be treated themselves when they got old and began to totter down toward the silent tomb.

This is why I've never knew to a dead moral certainty whether he was O.K. in the upper story or not. —*Bill Nye.*

STAGE BALD-HEADS.

'MOST every one who is not blind knows that the stage bald-head is a delusion and a snare. The only all-wool-yard-wide bald-head we remember on the Amer-

ican stage is that of Dunstan Kirke as worn by the veteran Couldock. Effie Ellsler wears her own hair and so does Couldock. But Couldock wears his the most—it is the most worn, anyhow.

What we started out to say, is that the stage bald-head and the average stage whiskers make us weary of life. The stage bald-head is generally made of the internal economy of a cow, dried so that it shines, and cut to fit the head as tightly as a potato sack would naturally fit a billiard cue. It is generally about four shades whiter than the red face of the wearer, or *vice versa.* We do not know which is the worst violation of eternal fitness, the red-faced man who wears a deathly white bald-head, or the pale young actor who wears a florid roof on his intellect. Sometimes in starring through the country and playing ten or fifteen hundred engagements, a bald-head gets soiled. We notice that when a show gets to Laramie the chances are that the bald-head of the leading old man is so soiled that he really needs a sheep-dip shampoo. Another feature of this accessory of the stage is its singular failure to fit; it is either a little short at both ends or it hangs over the skull in large festoons, and wens and warts in such a way as to make the audience believe that the wearer has dropsy of the brain.

You can never get a stage bald-head near enough like nature to fool the average house-fly. A fly knows in two moments whether it is the genuine or only a base imitation, and the bald-head of the theatre fills him with nausea and disgust. Nature, at all times hard to imitate, preserves her bald-head as she does her sunny skies and deep blue seas far beyond the

reach of the weak fallible human imitator. Baldness is like fame, it cannot be purchased, it must be acquired. Some men may be born bald, some may acquire baldness, and others may have baldness thrust upon them; but they generally acquire it.

The stage beard is also rather dizzy as a rule; it looks as much like a beard that grew there as a cow's tail would if tied to the bronze dog on the front porch. When you tie a heavy black beard on a young actor whose whole soul would be churned up if he smoked a full fledged cigar, he looks about as savage as a bowl of mush and milk struck with a club.—*Bill Nye.*

HEY RUBE.

[NOTE.—Hey Rube is the war-cry with a circus which calls every man to the scene of action.]

'TWAS just about ten years ago,
Too early yet for ice or snow,
Thro' bounteous Texas coming down,
A circus with a funny clown,
"Hey Rube."

The boys warn't feeling very well,
The reason why I cannot tell,
And as they "made" each little town
They whispered (when the "gauks" came 'round)
"Hey Rube."

"They'll eat you up in this 'ere town,
The boys'll tear you circus down."
Thus spoke a man with hoary head,
The "main guy" winked and softly said,
"Hey Rube."

They gathered 'round, about two score,
I am not sure but there were more,
Red-hot and eager for the fray.
The boys all thought, but didn't say,
"Hey Rube."

It's but a little phrase, 'tis true,
Its meaning well each "fakir" knew,
And e'en the weakest heart was stirred
At mention of that magic word,
"Hey Rube."

The ball was opened, like a flash.
Above the battle's din and dash,
As thunderbolt hurled from the sky,
Rang long and loud the battle-cry,
"Hey Rube."

'Twas but a moment—in they went,
Each man on life and death intent.
They perilled there both life and limb,
'Twas wonderful to hear them sing,
"Hey Rube."

'Twas finished, the smoke rolled away,
As clouds before the sun's bright ray.
That Texan chivalry were gone—
They couldn't sing that circus song,
"Hey Rube."

MORAL.

"Gauks," "guys," and "Rubes," another day,
When e'er a circus comes your way,
And you are spileing for a "clim,"
Be sure they haven't learned to sing,
"Hey Rube."

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

AN OLD GAMBLER'S SOLILOQUY ON A DIRTY CARD.

MUD-STAINED and torn, upon the sidewalk lying,
Stripped of the beauty of your regal parts,
Yet still the old whirl of fortune's wheel defying,
I find this morn—the tattered queen of hearts.

Where now (I wonder) are your old companions,
The fifty-one inseparable friends—
In beer saloons, or Rocky Mountain canyons,
At sea, or at the earth's remotest ends?

Like Israel's tribe, they're toss'd about and scattered,
Even the very kings might prove unclean.
But you, old queen of hearts, tho' mud-bespattered,—
Every moment prove yourself a queen.

Who knows but sometimes jewelled fingers shuffled
The pack in which you held a solid place;
Who knows what placid tempers you have ruffled
At whist, by trumping an obtrusive ace.

And when the higher honors all were hoarded,
And you were queen indeed of all the pack,
How proudly did you take the last trick boarded,
How like a woman did you win the Jack!

And then, how fondly was your face regarded
By him who first beheld the crimson blush
Of you, when he had doubtingly discarded
A spade, and drawn to hearts to "fill a flush."

And then they say that cards are Evil's marrow,
And card players sometimes commit a sin.
But you, old girl—yes, you, when turned to faro,
You sometimes caused "a stack of blues" to win.

I might recall the evenings blithe and merry
We passed beneath the sparkling chandelier;
You played high up with *rouge et noir* and sherry,
But you dropped at last to peanucle and beer.

And then, ah! well, no sermon need I utter,
Enough to know you lost your winning arts,
And poor and helpless sank into the gutte
Like many other luckless queen of hearts

THE LANGUAGE OF THE RAIL.

THE fact that every business has its particular lingo, which is a dead language to people of other professions, was never more clearly shown than in the following article by Bill Nye.

One night, about half after twelve, I judge, I heard somebody step along to the window of my boudoir. Hearing it that time of night I reckoned that something crooked was going on, so I slid out of bed and got my Great Blood Searcher and Liver Purifier, with the new style of centre fire and cartridge-ejector, and slid out to the window, calculating to shove a tonic into whoever it might be that was picnicing around my claim.

I looked out so as to get a good idea of where I wanted to sink on him, and then I thought before I mangled him I'd ask if he had any choice about which part of his vitals he wanted to preserve, so I sings out to him:

"Look out below there, pard, for I'm going to call the meeting to order in a minute. Just throw up your

hands, if you please, and make the grand hailing sign of distress, or I'll have to mutilate you! Just show me about where you'd like to have the fatal wound, and be spry about it, too, because I've got my brief costume on, and the evening air is chill!"

He didn't understand me, apparently, for a gurgling laugh welled up from below, and the party sings back:

"Hullo, Fatty, is that you? Just lookin' to see if you'd fired up yet. You know I was to come around and flag you if second seven was out. Well, I've been down to the old man's to see what's on the board. Three is two hours late, and four is reported on time. There's two sevens out and two sections of nine. Skinney'll take out first seven and Shorty'll pull her with 102. It's you and me for second seven, with Limber Jim on front end and Frenchy to hold down the caboose. First five is wrong side up in a washout this side of Ogallala, and old Whatshisname that runs 258 got his crown sheet caved in and telescoped his head-light into the New Jerusalem.

"You know the little Swede that used to run extra for Old Hotbox on the emigrant for awhile? Well, he's firing on 258, and he's under three flats and a coal-oil tank, with a break beam across his coupler, and his system more or less relaxed. He's gone to the sweet subsequently, too. Rest of the boys are more or less demoralized and side-tracked for repairs. Now you don't want to monkey around much, for if you don't loom up like six bits and go out on the track, the old man will give you a time check and the Oriental Grand Bounce. You hear the mellow thrill of my bazoo?"

Then I slowly uncorked the Great Blood Purifier, and moving to the footlights where the silvery moonbeams could touch up my dazzling outlines, I said: "Pardner, I am pleased and gratified to have met you. I don't know the first ding busted thing you have said to me, but that's my misfortune. I am a plain miner, and my home is the digestive apparatus of the earth; but for professional melody of the chin you certainly take the cake. You also take the cake basket and what cold pie there is on the dumb. My name is Woodtick Williams. I discovered the Feverish Hornet up on Slippery Ellum. I am proud to know you. Keep right on getting more and more familiar with your profession, and by and by, when nobody can understand you, you will be promoted and respected, and you will at last be a sleeping-car conductor, and revel in the biggest mental calm and wide, shoreless sea of intellectual stagnation that the world ever saw. You will—"

But he was gone.

Then I took the pillow-sham and wiped some of the pulverized crackers off the souls of my feet, and went to bed in a large gob of gloom.—*Bill Nye.*

ARGOT.

THE pride of the circus was Mollie Lamont,
And truly an exquisite creature,
She seemed (as she managed her elegant steed),
An angel, in figure and feature!

I turned to the manager—standing close by,—
Saying, "Sir, when you are at your leisure,
Will you please introduce me to Mademoiselle?"
He answered me, "Swipes cull, with pleasure!"

Then into the green room he led me straightway,
Where the lady (just from the arena)
Stood, blushing with pleasure, while rounds of applause
Ascended from those that had seen her.
I was quickly presented and modestly bowed,
While the manager said, "My dear Mollie,
I present to your notice an intimate friend."
She smiled, and said, "How's your nibs, cully?"

I smiled, and the manager left us alone.
Then I dropped on my knees close before her,
Those dainty white fingers I clasped in my own,
And I told her I loved and adored her.
I promised if she would consent to be mine
That our home should resemble an Eden,
And nothing should part us—Oh! rapture divine,
When she answered, "Cheese, cull, nixey weeden."

I started and murmured, "*Je ne comprend pas*
La Français, so pray me enlighten."
She said, "Tell me, cull, does your nibs weed the slang?"
To my feet then I bounded like lightning.
I said to her, "Miss, do you mean to insult,
Or are you with me making merry?"
When she drew herself up, pointed straight to the door,
And said, "Let your royal nibs sherry."

PLAYING SOLITAIRE.

ALONE, all alone, I sit in my room,
  And shuffle, and cut, and deal;
Sipping my wine, 'till its rich maroon,
  A flame on my cheek I feel.

Only a face—like mine—in the glass,
  That glares at mine thro' the smoke,
That winks at me, and bows as I pass,
  Enjoying the silent old joke.
The ashes fall from my played-out cigar,
  As, half asleep, in my chair,
I smile, as I think what "suckers" men are
  Who learn to play solitaire.

I'd sigh for a lip to touch the glass,
  To sip the old nectar with mine,
The sound of a laugh, the thrill of a kiss,
  To mingle with good old wine.
I'd play a game of the olden time,
  When hearts were trumps with me;
A man and a woman, he in his prime,
  Bending his knee—but she——,
Well, never mind what she said to him,
  Or the game she played him there;
Or why he sits in the gas-light grim,
  With his wine and solitaire.

Was she dark, or fair, blue eyes,
  Brown hair? We'll call her of hearts, the queen;
I'll play it so, but fortune, I'll swear,
  Will make the diamonds win.
I see her sometimes, her arm in his,
  A sickly old smile on her face;
And, I wonder, if ever she thrills at his kiss,
  Or dreams of me in his place.
A tear rolls down my cheek in the wine,
  A child calls low on the stair—
I'll throw up the cards, the game's played out,
  I'm weary of solitaire.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

To Remove Oils, Varnishes, Resins, Tar, Oyster Soup, Currant Jelly, and other Selections from the bill of fare.—Use benzine soap and chloroform cautiously with a whitewash brush and a garden hose, then hang on a woodpile to remove the repugnant effluvia of the benzine.

To Clean Ceilings that have been smoked by kerosene lamps or the fragrance from fried salt-pork.—Remove the ceiling, wash thoroughly with borax, turpentine and rainwater, then hang on a clothes-line to dry. Afterwards pulverize and spread over the pie-plant bed for spring wear.

To Remove Starch and Roughness from Flat-Irons.—Hold on a large grindstone for twenty minutes or so, then wipe off carefully with a rag. To make this effective, the grindstone should be in motion while the iron is applied. Should the iron still stick to the goods when in use, spit on it.

To Soften Water for Household Purposes.—Put an ounce of quicklime in a certain quantity of water; if it is not sufficient, use less water or more quicklime. Should the immediate lime continue to remain deliberate, lay the water down on a stone and pound it with a base-ball club.

To Give Relief to a Burn, apply the white of an egg; the yolk may be eaten or placed on the shirt bosom, according to the taste of the person. If the burn should occur on a lady she may omit the last instruction.

To Wash Black Silk Stockings.—Prepare a tub of lather composed of tepid rainwater and white soap, with a little ammonia. Then stand in the tub till dinner is ready. Roll in a cloth to dry. Do not wring but press the water out. This will necessitate the removal of the stockings.

If your hands are badly chapped, wet them in warm water, rub them all over with Indian meal, then put on a coat of glycerine and keep them in your pockets for ten days. If you have no pockets convenient insert them in the pockets of a friend.

An Excellent Remedy for Toothache is made of sassafras, oil of organum, and a half ounce of tincture of capsicum with half pint of alcohol. Soak nine yards of flannel in this mixture, wrap it around the head and then insert the head in a haystack till death comes to your relief.

To remove scars or scratches from the limbs of a piano, bathe the limb in a solution of tepid water and sweet oil. Then apply a strip of court plaster and put the piano out on the lawn for the children to play horse with.

Woollen goods may be nicely washed if you put half an ox gall into two gallons of tepid water. It might be well to put the goods in the water also. If the mixture is not strong enough, put in another ox gall. Should this fail to do the work put in the whole ox, reserving the tail for soup. The ox gall is comparatively useless for soup, and should not be preserved as an article of diet.—*Bill Nye.*

NOT IN THE PROGRAMME.

A STROLLING ACTOR'S STORY.

[NOTE.—This story is told by the manager of a small theatrical troupe to the printer, who brings in a proof of programme for correction.]

GOOD morning to you again. So, you've brought the proof, then, eh?
"Macbeth, Mr. Hubert Villiers." Well, that's better, I must say.
What will you have? Hot whiskey? Right! What, ho, there, Polly, my dear!
Two fours of Irish warm for me and this other gentleman here.

Not half bad tipple, is it, my boy? 'Taint often I drink from choice,
But I fancy a drop of old Irish warm softens and mellows the voice.
You liked my Claude last night, you say. Well, it's fairish they all allow;
But I'm getting a little too old and fat for this lover business now.

Ah, well, I mustn't complain, I suppose. I can stick to the heavy line;
And I've got a few "balls" put by, you know, in that old stocking of mine;
But mind you, with a company, near twenty strong, or quite,
If business is slack, it's a tightish fit, when it comes to salary night.

See some queer things? Us travelling folk—well, yes, that's really true;
Why, 'twas only here, an hour ago, sitting, and waiting for you,
I was thinking over a curious thing, you might have heard, no doubt,
Which shows how the real thing, after all, beats acting out and out.

Of course it's true, for it all took place under my eyes, you know.
Let's see, 'twas down at Rochester, about two years ago.
The old woman and I was sitting down in the lodging, one day, to tea,
When a servant told me a lady had called, and wanted to speak to me.

Well, show her up here, I said, for I thought 'twas one of our girls looked round
To ask me something about that night; but I was wrong, I found,
For there entered (blushing up to her eyes, shrinking, tremulous, coy),
A lady I'd never seen before, with a charming little boy.

A beautiful blonde she was, not more than two-and-twenty, or so,
With witching eyes of a lustrous brown; but, ah! how full of woe.
And she and the boy were dressed in black, and she wore—in a mournful mood,
On her feasin hair, that was tinged with gold—the weeds of widowhood.

She took the old chair I gave her, and spoke in a low, sweet voice—
You could see that she was a lady born, she seemed so gentle, so nice.
She had "some knowledge of the stage, as an amateur," she said,
And "could I give her something to do, to find her and her boy in bread?"

"Oh, that's how the old thing works," I thought, "well, may be I might do worse;
If she only acts as well as she looks, she'd nicely line my purse."
So I took good stock of her as she sat with the boy beside her chair,
And stroked, with dainty tremulous hand, his bonny golden hair.

Bit by bit, her story came out; 'long back her mother had died,
And left her (an only child) to be her father's joy and pride:
He was in the law, and thought to be rich, and was held in high repute,
But then he died a ruined man, and left her destitute.

Then the only relative she had—an old aunt—who was well to do,
Had taken her in, and found for her a wealthy suitor too.
But she loved some other, a sailor chap, who, like herself, was poor;
And when they married, this haughty aunt had fired them both out door.

She "was very happy at first," she said, and her voice grew soft and low,
But then she'd "lost her husband too, he was drowned four months ago;
His ship went down and all were lost, and now (in her need and care)
She'd no one left in all the world, but that little fellow there."

Here she dropped her head, poor girl, and her voice got choked with sighs,
(D—n that smoke, how it gets in a fellow's throat and eyes).
She finished her tale. She "felt at first all stunned and dazed," she said,
"And even to think of aught but him, seemed treachery to the dead."

But, bye and bye, for the sake of her boy, now doubly precious and dear,
She'd nerved herself to look beyond, to the future that seemed so drear.
She thought of a governess' place at first, but then they would have to part,
And to give up that little fellow now would almost break her heart.

Little by little the things had gone, to meet her daily need,
Till the home, too, had to be given up, and all seemed lost indeed.
Then she thought of how she loved the stage, in the happy long ago,
And how well she played, as an amateur—at least, they told her so.

She stopped at all the theatres, but 'twas still the same old tale—
A novice had no chance at all where even veterans fail;
Then some one had told her to come to me, and she'd travelled here to-day,
To see if I could "put her on" in however a humble way.

I should find her "quick and willing," she said, in all I wanted done,
And all she asked was lodging and food for her and her little one;
She'd "nothing left but her wedding ring, and one old half a crown,
And then there was only the workhouse if—" well, here she quite broke down.

Now, the parsons sometimes give it to us bad actors hot,
But what e'er our faults may be, my boy, we're not a hard-hearted lot;
And my old woman, sitting there with the little "kid" on her knee,
And this d—d crying business always gets over me.

The amount of it was, we put her on as a "super," so to speak,
And found her board and lodging with us, and a dollar or two a week:
She helped the old woman in various ways, and she did it nicely, too,
And we sent her on, in little parts, where she hadn't much to do.

But a quicker study I never saw; there was something better, higher—
You could see she was an actress born—the woman had passion, fire.
She took with the public from the first, what with that sweet young face,
And passion, and power, and we gave her soon our leading lady's place.

Now, some of our girls were jealous like when they saw her tak
ing the lead,
And used to sneer at her crape and ring and mutter, "Humph!
missus, indeed."
But she was so gentle, obliging, meek, this soon wore off, it did,
And they all of them got to love her at last, and to almost wor-
ship the "kid."

She. seemed transformed with passion and power whenever she
went on the stage,
And "Missus Mowberry," as she was called, came to be quite the
rage;
She'd only to show herself for cheers to thunder out, and Lor!
She was always good for three encores of a night, and sometimes
more.

* * * * * * * *

One night I happened to be in front when she was extra fine,
'Twas in "East Lynne," and she'd just come on with the boy—
as Madame Vine.
She's supposed (as the Lady Isabel) to have wronged her hus-
band and fled,
But comes back—disguised as a governess—after he thinks she's
dead.

She'd got to the crowning scene of all, where the mother longs to
stretch
Her arms to her boy, but has to check and school herself, poor
wretch!
And the house was hushed with pity and awe when I saw her
stare and start,
And struggle, and turn as white as death, and put her hand to
her heart.

I followed her eyes and down in front, in the parquette, pale and
thin,
Was a tall young chap—in a sailor dress—who had only just
dropped in.
He sprang to the stage and bounded on—well, you can guess the
rest—
He was her husband, she his wife, and she fainted on his breast.

I thought for a moment the people thought 'twas part of the play, forsooth,
But her story, you see, had got whispered about, and they easily guessed at the truth;
And then! don't talk of a scene, my boy, such cheers I never heard;
I thought that roof would have fallen in, I did, upon my word.

Of course the curtain had to be dropped, and I whispered to the band,
To "strike up something," and hurried back at once, you understand—
To find her fast coming to, poor soul, with the women all crying there,
And the sailor, with her hand in his, kneeling beside the chair.

And the little "kid" clinging to them—Oh! what a tableaux that would have been;
'Twould have made the fortune of *any* piece to have brought in such a scene.
I've come to look at it now, you see, in a sort of professional light,
But that night I was nearly as weak as the women were, or quite.

His story was short—his ship was lost, and 'twas thought that all were drowned,
But he and some other "guy" clung to a spar and were picked up safe and sound;
Then he took a turn in the diggings, and there good luck came thick and fast,
And he'd come back rich, to find her gone, but they'd met at last —at last.

Then her story was told, how good I'd been, and all the rest, dear heart:
Do you know, she would insist on going again to finish that part.
So I went to the front myself, old boy, and I told the people all,
And, upon my soul, I thought this time the old roof would surely fall.

When she came on again, such a deafening thunder of cheers,
Men waving their hats like mad, women and "kids" in tears;
I thought of the night they say "Keene" set all England's heart
astir;
"Sir, the pit rose at me," he said; well, so it did at her.

She seemed inspired, so grand she was, so passionate, true and
warm;
From the first time she opened her mouth she took the old house
by storm;
Three times we had her on at the end, and I shall never forget
How *he* had to come to the front himself—I can see and hear
them yet.

A bonny couple they were, my boy, to see them together then—
That d—d smoke has gone and got into my eyes again!
He dropped me a hundred, for a "bowl," for all the boys next
day,
And she bought me a nice little diamond ring—bang up to the
knocker, eh?

They've got a nice little place up town, where they're living in
style, you know;
There's a knife and fork there for all good ones, too, whenever
they want to go.
It ain't so very long ago, some two or three weeks or more,
Since the old woman and I were up for a week, and were treated
"bang up to the door."

I had their story put in a play, and it answered pretty well,
But, bless your heart, it wasn't a patch on the genuine article.
Well, good day for the present, "old pard," if you won't have
any more.
Don't you forget about those bills—Good on ye. *Au revoir!*

SPARTACUS WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

A MODERN VERSION OF "SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS."

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious Eagles, had aroused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. A large number of people from the rural districts had been in town to watch the conflict in the arena and to listen with awe and veneration to the infirm and decrepid ring jokes. The shouts of revelry had died away. No sound was heard save the low sob of some retiring wave as it told its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, or the unrelenting bootjack as it struck the high board fence in the back yard, just missing the Roman Tom cat in its mad flight, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed. Anon the Roman snore would steal in upon the deathly silence and then die away like the sough of a summer breeze.

In the green room of the amphitheatre a little band of gladiators were assembled. The foam of conflict yet lingered on their lips, the scowl of battle yet hung upon their brows, and the large knots on their classic profiles indicated that it had been a busy day with them.

There was an embarrassing silence of between five minutes, when Spartacus, borrowing a chew of tobacco of Trifaliatum Aurelius, stepped forth and thus addressed them:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met in the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and yet has never lowered his arm. I do not say this to brag, however, but simply to show that I am the star thumper of the entire outfit.

If there be one among you who can say that ever in public fight or private brawl my actions did belie my words, let him stand forth and say it and I will spread him around over the arena till the Coroner will have to gather him up with a blotting paper. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands let them come, and I will construct upon their physiognomy such cupclas and royal cornices and Corinthian capitols and entablatures, that their own mothers would pass them by in the broad light of high noon unrecognized.

And yet I was not always thus, a hired butcher—the savage chief of still more savage war.

My ancestors came from old Sparta, the county seat of Marcus Aurelius county, and settled among the vine-clad hills and cotton groves of Syrasilla. My early life ran quiet as the clear brook by which I sported. Aside from the gentle patter of the maternal slipper on my overalls, everything moved along with me like the silent oleaginous flow of the ordinary goose grease. My boyhood was one long happy summer day. We stole the Roman muskmelon and put split sticks on the tail of the Roman dog, and life was one continuous hallelujah.

When at noon I led the sheep beneath the shade

and played the "Sweet Bye and Bye" on my shepherd's flute, there was another Spartan youth, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture and together picked the large red ants out of our indestructible sandwiches.

One evening, after the sheep had been driven into the corral and we were all seated beneath the persimmon tree that shaded our humble cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra and George Francis Train and Dr. Mary Walker and other great men, and how a little band of Spartans, under General Howard, had withstood the entire regular army. I did not then know what war was, but my cheek burned, I know not why, and I thought what a glorious thing it would be to leave the reservation and go on the war-path.

But my mother kissed my throbbing temples and bade me go soak my head and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coasts. They pillaged the whole country, burned the agency buildings, demolished the ranch, rode off the stock, tore down the smoke-house, and rode their war-horses over the cucumber vines.

To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his patent clasps and looked upon him, behold! he was my friend. The same sweet smile was on his face that I had known when in adventurous boyhood we bathed in the glassy lake by our Spartan home and he had tied my shirt into 1752 dangerous and difficult knots.

He knew me, smiled some more, said "Ta, ta," and ascended the golden stair. I begged of the Prætor

that I might be allowed to bear away the body and have it packed in ice and shipped to his friends near Syrasilla, but he couldn't see it.

Ay, upon my bended knees, amidst the dust and blood of the arena, I begged this poor boon, and the Prætor answered: "Let the carrion rot. There are no noble men but Romans and Ohio men. Let the show go on. Bring in the bobtail lion from Abyssinia." And the assembled maids and matrons and the rabble shouted in derision, and told me to "brace up" and "have some style about my clothes" and "to give it to us easy," with other Roman flings which I do not now call to mind.

And so must you, fellow gladiators, and so must I, die like dogs.

To-morrow we are billed to appear at the Coliseum at Rome, and reserved seats are being sold at the corner of Third and Corso streets for our moral and instructive performance while I am speaking to you.

Ye stand here like giants as ye are, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis with a sealskin cap will pat your red brawn and bet his sesterces upon your blood.

O, Rome! Rome! Thou hast been indeed a tender nurse to me. Thou hast given to that gentle timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart like the adamantine lemon pie of the railroad lunch room. Thou hast taught him to drive his sword through plated mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the palpitating gizzard of his foe, and to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as the smooth-cheeked

Roman Senator looks into the laughing eyes of the girls in the Treasury department.

And he shall pay thee back till the rushing Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled. You doubtless hear the gentle murmur of my bazoo.

Hark! Hear ye the lion roaring in his den?—'Tis three days since he tasted flesh, but to-morrow he will have gladiator on toast, and don't you forget it, and he will sling your vertebræ about his cage like the star pitcher of a champion nine.

If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife. If ye are men, arise and follow me. Strike down the warden and the turnkey, overpower the police and cut for the tall timber. We will break through the city gate, capture the war-horse of the drunken Roman, flee away to the lava beds and there do bloody work, as did our sires at old Thermopylæ, scalp the Western-bound emigrants, and make the hen-roosts around Capua look sick.

O, comrades! Warriors!! Gladiators!!!

If we be men, let us die like men, beneath the blue sky and by the still waters, and be buried according to Gunter, instead of having our shin bones polished off by Numidian lions amid the groans and hisses of a snide Roman populace.—*Bill Nye.*

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

NO USE TRYING TO COURT A WHOLE FAMILY.

"I DON'T want to make any trouble, but there is one man in this city who ought to be gibbeted!" began a blunt-spoken woman of 45 as she stood before the officials of the Twentieth-street station in Detroit, a day or two ago.

When they inquired the particulars she handed out a letter and said:

"Observe the envelope. That letter is addressed to me. You will see that the writer calls me his jessamine, and he wants me to set an early day for the wedding."

When the Captain had finished the letter she was ready with another, adding:

"And this is addressed to my daughter Lucretia. You will see that he calls her his rosy angel, and he says he can't live if she doesn't marry him. It's the same man."

So it was, and his letter was as tender as spring chicken. That finished, she handed out a third, with the remark:

"This is directed to my daughter Helen. It's the very same man, and in it he calls her his pansy, and he says he dreams of her."

"Why, he seemed to love the whole family," remarked the Captain.

"That's just it. I'm a widow with two daughters, and he was courting us all at once and engaged to the

three of us at the same time. Oh, what wretches there are in this world!"

"Yes, indeed. It's lucky you found him out."

"Yes, it is. If I hadn't he might have married the whole caboodle of us. If Lucretia hadn't opened one of my letters, and if I hadn't searched the girls' pockets while they were asleep, we'd have thought him an innocent lamb."

"And do you want him arrested?"

"No, I guess not, but I want this matter to go into the papers as a warning to other women. Just think of his sitting up with me Sunday night, Lucretia on Wednesday night, and Helen on Friday night, and calling each one of his climbing rose! Oh! sir, the women ought to know what a deceiving animal man is!"

"Yes, he's pretty tough."

"It has learned me a lesson," she said, as she was ready to go. "The next man that comes sparking around my house has got to come right out and say which he's after. If it's the girls I won't say nothing, and if it's me it won't do 'em a bit of good to slam things around and twit me of burying two husbands!"

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

I, WHO was always counted, they say,
Rather a bad stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six;"
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,

"Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn;
But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er would learn.
Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's speak—
Committed a hundred verses a week;
Never forgot, an' never slipped—
But "Honor thy father and mother" he skipped
So *over the hill to the poor-house!*

As for Susan, her heart was kind
An' good—what there was of it, mind;
Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one she loved; an' that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done;
An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull em' about;
An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
Save one poor fellow, and that was me;
An' when, one dark an' rainy night,
A neighbor's horse went out o' sight,
They hitched on me, as the guilty chap
That carried one end o' the halter-strap.
An' I think myself, that view of the case
Wasn't altogether out o' place.
My mother denied it, as mothers do,
But I am inclined to believe 'twas true;
Though for me one thing might be said—
That I, as well as the horse, was led;
And the worst of whiskey spurred me on,
Or else the deed would have never been done.
But the keenest grief I ever felt
Was when my mother beside me knelt,
An' cried, an' prayed, till I melted down,
As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.

I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
And swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will;
And then I decided to go "out West,"
Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best;
Where, how I prospered, I never could tell,
But Fortune seemed to like me well;
An' somehow every vein I struck
Was always bubbling over with luck.
An', better than that, I was steady an' true,
An' put my good resolutions through.
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor an' said,
"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em more,
Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbor he wrote to me,
"Your mother's in the poor-house," says he,
I had a resurrection straightway,
An' started for her that very day.
And when I arrived where I was grown,
I took good care that I shouldn't be known;
But I bought the old cottage through and through,
Of some one Charley had sold it to;
And held back neither work nor gold
To fix it up as it was of old.
The same big fire-place, wide and high,
Flung up its cinders toward the sky;
The old clock ticked on the corner shelf—
I wound it an' set it agoin' myself;
An' if everything wasn't just the same,
Neither I nor money was to blame;
Then—*over the hill to the poor-house!*

One blowin', blusterin' winter's day,
With a team an' cutter I started away;
My fiery nags was as black as coal
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole);

I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes;
I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face;
"Mother!" I shouted, "your sorrow is done!
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
Come *over the hill from the poor-house!*"

She didn't faint; she knelt by my side,
An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried.
An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant and gay,
An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day;
An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright,
An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight,
To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea,
An' frequently stoppin' an' kissin' me;
An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,
Who often said, as I have heard,
That they wouldn't own a prison-bird
(Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
For all of 'em owe me more or less);
But I've learned one thing; an' it cheers a man
In always a-doin' the best he can;
That whether on the big book, a blot
Gets over a fellow's name or not,
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him fair and right.
An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An' the Lord divides his sheep and goats;
However they may settle my case,
Wherever they may fix my place,
My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
Will be sure to stand right up for me,
With *over the hill from the poor-house!*

Will Carleton.

THE SPANKOGRAPH.

My sagacious friend, "Doc" Hickey, was sunning himself before the side-show door, previous to the opening address that generally follows the advent of the band wagon from the street parade, when he was accosted by a stern-looking woman of some forty years of age, with the question, "What kind of a graph is that you advertise on the picture, sir?" "A phonograph, madam," gravely replied the showman. "I'm a school-teacher, young man," was the next declaration. "Ah," responded the gallant "Doc.," "then, madam, you should go upon the inside and closely observe the phonograph, the greatest, the grandest, the most wonderful in—" "You've been to school, young man?" "I am proud to be able to answer you in the affirmative. I graduated at the University." "You gradually went to a University, eh? well, your edication does seem a little reflective. Now, do you know what I'm after?" "I am sorry to state, madam, that I am in blissful ignorance," replied the "Doc." "No? well, I want a machine called the spankograph." "Called what?" yelled "Doc." "The spankograph. You have not any idee how it hurts one's hand and harrows up one's feelings to be obliged to spank forty or fifty young uns a day." "Doc" blushed, and said he "thought that it must." "Yes, indeed. Was you ever spanked?" "Doc" thought that "he had a faint remembrance of such a proceeding." "I think that you have been, you look guilty; but you needn't blush, for I've been there myself." "Doc" stammered that

"it must have been long ago." "Now," she continued, "I love genius and am an appreciator of any advancement that will help us poor women to make our work lighter. Now, Mister Robbin's show is a great institution, but, young man, just think of it! Wouldn't it be much nicer to have a spankograph put on in the regular way, an' the music turned on to keep time, and receive your forty or fifty spanks, than in the old fashioned way when your ma used to take off her slipper? Don't you think it would be nicer and easier for all the parties in the play?" "Really, madam, I think you are right; I'll ask—" "Don't ask any one. Do it yourself. Get up one with not too strong a spring—" "Madam," said "Doc," "you are giving me taffy." "How dare you, sir, talk taffy with such a serious subject! Young man, listen to me, let me give you some advice. Stop parting your hair in the middle; don't wax your moustache, stop lying to people, an' tellin 'em that the giant is 'leven feet high, an' the Great Burmese Anacondy is fifty feet long; take that wig off of that gal that you're sweet on, an' stop her playin' Circassian; break the lookin' glass that's under the table where the man cuts his head off; stop "flippin' a guy," and get down to honest business. Grab this new idea of a spankograph, develope it, it's a bonanza, and when you have a model ready, let me know. As an agent I'm a dandy; good day."

BANTY TIM.

REMARKS OF SERGEANT TILMON JOY TO THE WHITE MAN'S COMMITTEE OF SPUNKY POINT, ILLINOIS.

I RECKON I git your drift, gents—
  You 'low the boy shan't stay;
This is a white man's country;
  You're Dimocrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
  The times bein' all out o' j'nt,
The nigger has got to mosey
  From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute;
  I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
  For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
  To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
  Along o' sich fools as you.

Now, dog my cats ef I kin see,
  In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
  Ef Tim shall go or stay.
And furder than that I give notice,
  Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
  Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
  You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
  And torn and tattered we lay?

When the rest retreated I staid behind,
  Fur reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
  I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
  And br'iled and blistered and burned;
How the rebel bullets whizzed round us
  When a cuss in his death-grip turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
  I couldn't believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a-crawlin' to me
  Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
  And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
  Though a shot brought him once to his knees;
But he staggered up, and packed me off,
  With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,
  His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
  And here stays Banty Tim:
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
  And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
  But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,
  Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

John Hay.

SAGE BRUSH TONIC.

WE have a scheme on hand which we believe will be even more remunerative than the newspaper business if successfully carried out. It is to construct a national remedy and joy-to-the-world tonic, composed of the carefully expressed juice of our Rocky Mountain tropical herb known as the sage brush. Sage brush is known to possess wonderful medicinal properties. It is bitter enough to act as a tonic and to convey the idea of great strength. Our idea would be to have our portrait on each bottle to attract attention and aid in effecting a cure. We have noticed that the homeliest men succeed best as patent medicine inventors, and this would be right in our hand. The tonic could be erected at the expense of three cents per bottle delivered on the cars here, and after we got fairly to going, we might probably reduce even that price. At one dollar per bottle we could realize a living profit, and still do mankind a favor, and turn loose a boon to suffering humanity. It will make the hair grow as every one knows, and it will stir up a torpid liver equally as well. It just loves to get after anything that is dormant. It might help the democratic party if it had a chance.

Our plan would be to advertise liberally, for we know the advantages of judicious advertising. Only last week, a man on South C Street had three cows to sell, which fact he set forth in this paper at the usual rates. Before he went to bed that evening, the cows were sold, and people were filing in the front gate like

a row of men at the general delivery of the Post Office. The next morning a large mob of people was found camped out in front of the house, and the railroad was giving excursion rates to those who wanted to come in from the country to buy these cows that had been sold the day before. We just quote this to show how advertising stirs the mighty deep and wakes people up. We would make propositions to our brethren of the Press by which they could make some money out of the "ad," too, instead of telling them to put it in the middle of the telegraph page, surrounded by pure reading matter, daily and weekly till forbid, and pay when we got ready. Publishers will find that we are not that kind of people. We shall aim to do the square thing, and will throw in an electrotype, showing us just discovering the sage brush, and exclaiming "Eureka!" while we prance around like a Zulu on the war-path. Underneath this we will write, "Yours for health," or words to that effect, and everything will be pleasant and nice.

"The Sage Brush Tonic" will be made of two grades. One will be for prohibition states, and the other for states where prohibition is not in general use. The Prohibition Tonic will contain—in addition to the sage brush—a small amount of tansy and Jamaica ginger to give it a bead and prevent it from fermenting. A trial bottle will be sent to the subscribers of this book, also a fitting little poem to be read at the funerals. We will also publish a death notice of those using the tonic at one-half rates.—*Bill Nye.*

THE ACTORS' FUND.

A BENEFIT, eh? This begging
For the Actors' Fund makes one sick.
I'm on the Square, without a job,
At Christmas-time; so I kick.
Who runs the snap? The managers?
'Twon't last; 'tis a played-out thing.
If you want a dime from that concern,
You must be in the Ring.

Sweet Charity, eh! This dodger
Fools the public, boy—mark we well!
There'll come a time when all the Pros.
Will sadly say, "It's a sell."
I know the trick. I'm on the stage
For years. What a bitter sting
It would be for me to have to ask
Assistance from the Ring!

My business, eh? First old man.
I've not advanced, boy. Please to pause;
I will explain just why 'tis thus:
My talent's crushed. That's the cause.
And these same men, the managers,
Our friends! How they fling and swing,
While the profession must play to please
These gentry in the Ring.

Carpenter, eh! Scene-shifters!
In *their* duties, boy, there's no art.
They build up the sets and push the flats,
But in the play take no part.
All members! Ah, it's distressing
To bow—I, who played the King
To Forest's Hamlet, oh! long ago,
Before there was a Ring.

Joe Hilison, ah! In Denver
Left an invalid on his back.
Oh, 'twas hard lines to leave the lad,
But money talks. Times are slack.
Now there's a case for this great Fund.
Tell them—me! Well, I should sing!
No, no, my boy; there's too much red tape,
And I'm not in the Ring.

A funeral comes. I declare,
There's our leading man in a coach!
Who can be dead? Ah, don't you know?
No, not at all. Come, approach.
Who is it, Tom? Alas, poor Joe?
He's gone. Those whom you have shunned
Will lay him gently in his grave.
Joe's cared for by the Fund!

Edward Harrigan.

JIM BLUDSO.

WALL, no! I can't tell where he lives,
  Because he don't live, you see:
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
  Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
  That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
  The night of the "Prairie Belle"?

He warn't no saint—them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
  And another one here, in Pike.
A careless man in his talk was Jim,
  And an awkward man in a row—

But he never pinked, and he never lied,
  I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
  To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river:
  To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the "Prairie Belle" took fire,
  A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip',
  And her day came at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
  But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed,
And so came tearin' along that night,
  The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
  And her furnaces crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
  And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
  For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out
  Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last galoot's ashore."

Thro' the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
  Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
  And know'd he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smoke-stacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of the "Prairie Belle."

He warn't no saint—but at judgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He'd seen his duty a dead sure thing,
  And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
  On a man that died for men.

John Hay.

THE YOUTH FROM CHICAGO.

He visits Laramie City for the benefit of his health.

In my capacity of Justice of the Peace and general wholesale and retail dealer in fresh, new-laid equity and even-handed justice, I often meet with those who have seen better days, and who, through the ever-changing fortunes of the West, have fallen lower and lower in the social scale, until they stand up and are assessed as "common drunks," or "vags," or "assault and batteries," with that natural and easy grace which comes only to those who have been before the public in that capacity so numerously that it has ceased to indicate itself by the usual embarrassment of the amateur.

Perhaps no surging sentiments of pity have stirred my very soul during my official career, like those that throbbed wildly athwart my system a few days ago.

It was the case of a most bitter disappointment of young life. A youth from Chicago came to me nea the close of day. I was just about to lock up the jud cial scales for the evening, and secure the doors of th

archives, preparatory to going out and "shaking" the Mayor for a lemonade, after which I intended to breathe in a little fresh atmosphere and go home to dinner.

It had been a hard day in the temple of justice that day, and the Court was weary.

It had dealt out even-handed justice at regular rates since early morning, at so much per deal, till fatigue was beginning to show itself in the lines upon the broad, white brow.

Therefore, when a halting step was heard on the stair, there was a low murmur on the part of the Court, and a half-surprised moan that sounded like the tail-end of an affidavit.

The young man who entered the hallowed presence of eternal justice, and the all-pervading and dazzling beauty of the Court in its shirt sleeves, was of about medium stature, with shoes cut *décollettté*, and Roman-striped socks clocked with brocaded straw-colored silk.

He wore an écru colored straw hat, with navy-blue brocaded band, and necktie of old gold, with polka-dots of humberta and cardinal, interspersed with embroidered horseshoe and stirrup in *coucher de soleil* and ultramarine. His hair was dark and oleaginous, and his shirt was cream-colored ground, with narrow, baby blue stripes, cutaway collar, and cuffs that extended out into space.

He also had some other clothes on.

But over all, and pervading the entire man, was the look of hopelessness and corroding grief. With all his good clothes on, he was a hollow mockery, for his eyes were heavy with woe.

The nose also was heavy with woe.

This feature, in fact, was more appropriately draped in token of its sadness than any of the rest. Few noses are so expressive of a general and incurable gloom as this one was. It had evidently at one time been a glad, joyous, and buoyant nose, but now it was despondent and low-spirited.

There was a look of goneness and utter desolation about it that would stir the better impulses of the most heartless.

The feature had evidently tried to centralize itself, but had failed. Here and there narrow strips of court-plaster had gone out after it and tried to win it back, but they had not succeeded.

I said, "Mister, there seems to be a panic among your nose. It's none of my business, of course, but couldn't you get a brass band and call it together? Then you could hold a meeting and decide whether it had better resume or not."

The gentleman from Chicago went through the motions of wiping the wide waste and howling desolation where his once joyous nose had been; and then, putting away the plum-colored silk handkerchief with the orange border, he said:

"Squire, I have been grossly deceived. You see me, the victim of a base misrepresentation. Chicago at this season of the year is extremely unhealthy. The intense hot weather carries away both rich and poor, and spares not the innocent and the good, and I feared that my turn would come soon.

"I heard of the salubrious clime of your mountair city, where the days are filled with gladness and the

burning heat and the deadly miasmas of the mighty city by the inland sea never come.

"I came here two brief days ago, and you can see with the naked eye what the result has been."

"It is not gratifying. The climate may in the abstract be all right, but there are certain sudden and wonderful atmospheric changes that I cannot account for, and they are very disastrous.

"I was sitting in a Second-street saloon to-day, talking about matters and things, when the conversation turned on physical strength. One thing led to another, and finally I made a little humorous remark to a young man there, which remark I have made in Chicago many times without disastrous results, but the air clouded up all of a sudden, and in the darkness I could see Roman candles going off, and pin-wheels and high-priced rockets and blue-lights, etc.

"Shortly after that I gathered up what fragments of my face I could find, and went down sorrowfully to the doctor's office.

"He held an inquest on my nose, and I paid for it.

"I shall go back to Chicago to-morrow. I shall not be as handsome as I was, but I have gained a good deal of information about the broad and beautiful West which is priceless in value to me.

"All I wished to say was this: If you see fit to mention this matter to the public, tone it down as much as possible, and say that for a bilious, nervous temperament, perhaps the air here is too bracing."

I have considered his sensitive feelings, and have tried to give the above account in fair and impartial terms.—*Bill Nye.*

LITTLE MEG AND I.

You ask me, mates, to spin a yarn before we go below;
Well, as the night is calm and fair, and no chance for a blow,
I'll give you one, a story as true as ever yet was told;
For, mates, I wouldn't lie about the dead; no, not for gold.
The story's of a maid and lad, who loved in days gone by:
The maiden was Meg Anderson, the lad, messmates, was I.

A neater, trimmer craft than Meg was very hard to find;
Why, she could climb a hill and make five knots agin the wind;
And as for larnin, hulks and spars! I've often heard it said
That she could give the scholars points and then come out ahead:
The old school-master used to say, and, mates, it made me cry,
That the smartest there was little Meg, the greatest dunce was I.

But what cared I for larnin then, while she was by my side;
For tho' a lad, I loved her, mates, and for her would have died;
And she loved me, the little lass, and often have I smiled
When she said, "I'll be your little wife"—'twas the prattle of a child;
For there lay a gulf between us, mates, with the waters running high,
On one side stood Meg Anderson, on the other side stood I.

Meg's fortune was twelve ships at sea, and houses on the land,
While mine—why, mates, you might have held my fortune in your hand;
Her father owned a vast domain, for miles along the shore;
My father owned a fishing smack, a hut and nothing more.
I knew that Meg I ne'er could win, no matter how I'd try,
For on a couch of down lay she, on a bed of straw lay I.

I never thought of leaving Meg, or Meg of leaving me,
For we were young, and never dreamed that I should go to sea,
'Till one bright morning father said, "There's a whale ship in the bay,
I want you, Bill, to make a cruise; you go aboard to-day."

Well, mates, in two weeks from that time I bade them all good bye,
While on the dock stood little Meg, and on the deck stood I.

I saw her oft before we sailed when ere I came on shore,
And she would say, "Bill, when you're gone I'll love you more and more,
And I'll promise to be true to you through all the coming years;"
But while she spoke her bright blue eyes would fill with pearly tears;
Then as I whispered words of hope and kissed her eyelids dry,
Her last words were, "God speed you, Bill!" so parted Meg and I.

Well, mates, we cruised for four long years, till at last one summer day
Our good ship, the Minerva, cast anchor in the bay;
Oh! how my heart beat high with hope as I saw her home once more,
And on the pier stood hundreds to welcome us ashore;
But heart sank down within me as I gazed with anxious eye—
No little Meg stood on the dock as on the deck stood I.

Why, mates, it nearly broke my heart when I went ashore that day,
For they told me little Meg had wed while I was far away;
They told me, too, they forced her to't, and wrecked her fair young life;
Just think, messmates, a child in years to be an old man's wife;
But her father said it must be so, and what could she reply,
For she was only just sixteen, just twenty-one was I.

Well, mates, a few short years from then—perhaps it might be four—
One blustering night Jack Glynn and I were rowing to the shore,
When right ahead we saw a sight that made us hold our breath,
There floating in the pale moonlight was a woman cold in death;
I raised her up—Ah! God, messmates, that I had passed her by,
For in the bay lay little Meg, and over her stood I.

Next day I laid poor Meg away; and nightly on the wave
My spirit wanders forth to keep a watch beside her grave;
Her father knows not where she lies, nor he who her betrayed,
There's no one but Bill who knows where little Meg is laid;
In a quiet grove of willows, her father's house hard by,
There sleeps in peace my little Meg, and here, messmates, am I.

C. T. Murphy.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Now, Nettie, the rouge! Just a touch on this cheek.
  Does my dress set behind without trailing?
My bangs don't quite suit. I ought to look meek.
  Too fluffy—that's always their failing.
There, the music has stopped. They've called "Second Act,"
  And I don't want to get a berating.
Do I speak the first lines? So I do; that's a fact.
  I hope I've not kept the stage waiting.

What, Charlie! You here? Move out of my way.
  I go on at first entrance, you know.
Oh, quit that! Your fooling will ruin the play.
  Now, there is my cue! Let me go!
I don't know what right you have there at all,
  I'm tired to death of your prating.
Well, step on one side—take care of my shawl,
  A full minute I've kept the stage waiting.

Yes, give me my shawl. Don't spoil my bouquet.
  What? A card? So there is, I declare.
He's there ev'ry night—first row in parquette.
  You'll thrash him? Yes, do if you dare!
Why, Charlie, you goose, he's only a dude,
  You don't think with *him* I'd be mating—
Well, if you are jealous, you needn't be rude.
  Third act! I can't keep the stage waiting.

Oh, Charlie, I'm sure I don't know what to say,
  You've such a quick temper, you see.
And then, when you're jealous, who knows but you may
  Make a fearful example of me?
Still, if you think that, till life's curtain falls,
  Your affection will know no abating,
My answer is—is—— Let go! Duty calls!
  Last act! Pray don't keep the stage waiting!

George C. Jenks.

A CHINAMAN ON A BRONCO.

He was a Chinaman, with that peculiar *insouciance* that so often distinguishes the almond-eyed son of the wash-house, and he luxuriated under the euphonious cognomen of "Hop Sing." He had occupied a shanty in Pugget's Gulch for about a year. He had washed flannel shirts for the boys, played a few hands at poker within the classic shades of the "live and let live," snared trout in the streams, and placer mined under the instruction of "Bobby Gill" from Emporia. But the great event of Hop Sing's uneventful life was to take place this morning, when (under the tutorship of Zeb Tetlow) he proposed to ride a bronco.

There has always been, since the world began, a wide diversity of opinion between a Chinaman and a bronco. There seems to be a lack of affiliation amounting almost to antagonism, a sort of latent idea of conflicting opinions, that no balm, however soothing, could induce to coalesce.

Hop Sing, however, was, in the charming innocence of his celestial mind, blissfully ignorant of this fact, and

(as Zeb carelessly tossed the saddle across the meditative bronco) his Mongolian physiognomy was irradiated with a broad grin as he remarked (while the bronco humped his back in order to secure the right length of sinch to enable him to crawl, ophidian like, from under the saddle at the most opportune moment): "Poor blonco belly klind?" "Oh, yaas," responded Zeb, knotting the sinch, "he's a regular Christian, he is." Zeb winked knowingly at the bystanders as he knotted the curb-rein, and then turning to the Celestial suavely inquired, "Ready?" "Alle leady," responded Hop, as, gathering up the reins, he placed one wooden-soled sabot safely within the Mexican stirrup, and Zeb left him (the Chinaman, not the bronco) to his fate.

The Mongolian tightened the rein, and settling himself squarely in the saddle, caressingly patted the bronco's neck with his right hand, murmured softly, "Git lup, go lon hlossy." The bronco stepped off quietly, the Chinaman grinned with delight, and then touched the bronco's flank with his left heel, saying confidentially, "Alle light." But, alas! it was all wrong, for the bronco performed a sideways chassez movement (like a crab trying locomotion on a sand bar), and then suddenly rising in the air, he described a semi-circle, and throwing his hind and fore-feet together with a click, he landed upon his toes only to rise higher again in the air. It was first bronco, then Chinaman, then horse-shoes versus wooden shoes. The Chinaman squealed, the bronco doubled and bucked, until with one mighty effort the bronco slipped through the sinch. The Chinaman performed an aerial voyage toward the clouds, and the bronco trotted off, leaving

the saddle on the ridge-pole of Tom Kane's tent. Careful and willing hands lifted the Celestial from the roof of the blacksmith's shop, and planted him beneath a pignon tree in the gulch, while the grazing bronco looked at the cortége with a knowing wink that seemed to say, "The Chinese must go."

N.B. The casket cost seven dollars.

McGINTY'S HORSE.

McGINTY owned a thoroughbred, an' Tiger was his name;
He was a noble animal, although unknown to fame;
His color was a strong maroon, an' tho' very fond of play,
You could tie him to a bag of oats, an' he'd never run away.
McGinty's faithful hoss.

Tho' not a "thing of beauty," still he play'd a noble part;
His "misfit hide" could not conceal his kidneys and his heart.
He was very fond of music, and at night whin all was still,
He'd drive the neighbors from their beds with his high melodious thrill.
McGinty's operatic hoss.

Curiosity was his weakest point, 'twas by it he was led astray:
He ate the lock off the stable door one fatal summer day;
He wandhered proudly thro' the streets, till exactly two o'clock;
Whin he halted fornist a vacant lot, where a gang was blasting rock.
McGinty's inquisitive stallion.

From a point of observation, he watched thim charge the hole,
And to find out full particulars was the thought that mov'd his soul.

He seen thim light the fuse an' run, with footsteps quick and fast;
He canthered o'er the rocky ground, and set down upon the blast.
McGinty's deluded trotter.

The rockmen saw the noble baste, but to save him 'twas too late;
They said a pray'r for the hoss's soul, an' thin left him to his fate.
They saw him calmly watch the fuse as it sputter'd an' flashed along,
Then the blast wint off; whin the smoke had cleared
McGinty's hoss was gone.

* * * * * * * * * * *

His liver they found hung on a tree, his lung upon a roof,
His kidneys they kem back by mail—they never found a hoof.
The stable's hung in mourning, we sorely grieve his loss,
His likes we'll never see again, McGinty's noble hoss.

Jas. Cavanagh.

CRAZY QUILT ARCHITECTURE.

"It may be premature, perhaps, but I desire to suggest to any one who may be contemplating the erection of a summer residence for me, as a slight testimonial of his high regard for my sterling worth and symmetrical escutcheon—a testimonial more suggestive of earnest admiration and warm personal friendship than of great intrinsic value, etc.—that I hope he will not construct it on the modern plan of mental hallucination and morbid delirium tremens peculiar to recent architecture.

"Of course a man ought not to look a gift house in the gable end, but if my friends don't know me any better than to build me a summer house, and throw in

odd windows that nobody else wanted, and then daub it up with colors they have bought at auction, and applied to the house after dark with a shotgun, I think it is time that we had a better understanding.

"Such a structure does not come within either of the three classes of Renaissance. It is neither Florentine, Roman nor Venetian. Any man can originate a style of architecture if he will drink the right kind of whiskey long enough, and then describe his feelings to an amanuensis. Imagine the sensation that one of these modern, sawed-off cottages would create a hundred years from now, if it should survive. But that is impossible. The only cheering feature of the whole matter is that these creatures of disordered imagination must soon pass away, and the bright sunlight of hard horse-sense shine through the shattered dormers and gables of gnawed-off architecture of the average summer resort. A friend of mine, a few days ago, showed me his new house with much pride. He asked me what I thought of it. I told him I liked it first rate. Then I went home and wept all night. It was my first falsehood.

"The house taken as a whole looked to me like a skating rink that had started out to make money, and then suddenly changed its mind and resolved to become a tannery. Then ten feet higher it had lost all self-respect and blossomed into a full-blown "drunk and disorderly," surmounted by the smoke stack of a foundry, and with the bright future of thirty days ahead with the chain gang. That's the way it looked to me.

"The roofs were made of little odds and ends of

misfit rafters and distorted shingles that somebody had purchased at sheriff's sale, and the rooms and stairs were giddy in the extreme. I went in and rambled around among the cross-eyed staircases and other nightmares till reason tottered on her throne. Then I came out and stood on the architectural wart called the side porch to get fresh air. This porch was painted a dull red, and it had wooden rosettes at the corners that looked like a brand new carbuncle on the nose of a social wreck. Farther up on the memoralized lumber pile I saw now and then places where the workman's mind had wandered, and he had nailed on his clapboards wrong side up, and then painted them with the Paris green that he had intended to use on something else. It was an odd looking structure indeed. If my friend got all the materials for nothing from people who had fragments of paint and lumber left over after they had failed, and then if the workmen constructed it nights for mental relaxation and intellectual repose, without charge, of course the scheme was a financial success, but architecturally the house is a gross violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State.

"There is a look of extreme poverty about the structure which a man might struggle for years to acquire and then fail. No one could look upon it without feeling a heartache for the man who built that house, and probably struggled on year after year, building a knob here, and a protuberance there, putting in a three cornered window at one point and a yellow tile or a wad of broken glass or other debris at another, patiently fill-

ing in around the ranch with any old rubbish that other people had got through with, and painting it as he went along, taking what was left in the bottom of the pot after his neighbors had painted their bob sleds or their tree boxes—little favors, thankfully received—and then surmounting the whole pile with a potpourri of roof, a grand farewell incubus of bumps and hollows for the rain to wander through and seek out the different cells where the lunatics live who inhabit it.

"I did tell my friend of one thing that I thought would improve the looks of his house. He asked me eagerly what it could be. I said it would take a man of great courage to do it for him. He said he didn't care for that. He would do it himself. If it only needed one thing, he would never rest until he had it, whatever that might be. Then I told him that if he had a friend—one that he could trust—who would steal in there some night when the family were away, and scratch a match on the leg of his breeches, or on the breeches of any other gentleman that was present, and hold it where it would ignite the alleged house, and then remain to see that the Fire Department did not meddle with it, he would confer a great favor on one who would cheerfully retaliate in kind at call." —*Bill Nye.*

AN ADVOCATE OF ECONOMY.

During one of the meetings of the Board of Aldermen under the Tweed administration, the representative of a portion of one of the North-end wards arose, and was recognized by the president as Mr. O'Day.

"Mr. President," began Mr. O'Day, "I have lately been thravelling in Europe, and during my peregrinations I visited the noble city of Vanice, the queen, sir, av the Adriatic; the scene, Mr. President, of Mr. Shakespeare's noble production, The Merchant of Vanice, the remarkable city av dungeons and palaces. Sir, I was particularly sthruck wid some of the features of Vanation life. I niver in me loife beheld anything like the gondolas av Vanice. They are beautiful. Well, I thought, being an Amerikin citizen, that I would give the benefit av me observations abroad to me native city on me rethurn, and I made a study of the gondolas fur that purpose. Sir, after much consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the gondolas wud be a pleasant picture in our Central Park. The children wud be delighted wid 'em, and they are not dangerous at all. Therefore, sir, I move you that twinty-five gondolas be imported to beautify and adorn our noble plisure resort." Mr. O'Day sat down, upon which another member of the Council arose. He was recognized by the president as Mr. O'Shay.

"Mr. Prisident," began Mr. O'Shay, "I have listened wid great attention to the very instructive and intilligent remarks of me friend from the North-end ward,

and have been very much imprissed wid dim. But, sir, while I am in favor of the gondolas, I cannot forgit that we are sint to this honorable chamber to look afther the interests av the citizens av this modern Athens, and to administer public affairs equinomically. I was sint here on an equinomical platform, and I have always been an advocate of retrinchmint. Therefore, sir, to be consistent wid me past reputation I move an amindmint to me friend's motion, namely as follows:

"Vedelicet: That instead of 25 gondolas we import for the public gardens only two gondolas, a male and a famale, and let nature take its course."

NO OPENING—WRITE AGAIN.

A THEATRICAL AGENT'S STORY.

[NOTE.—This story is told by an agent to an actor when he calls for his letters at the office.]

So you read my "Note in the Programme," eh?
You liked it? Oh, of course.
Profesh could understand its points,
And I fancy some are worse.
'Twas a true story, badly told, my boy,
More like a novel old,
But it winds up good, and that's the
Bright side of the story told.

Here's two letters and a card
That came for you to-day.
I hope they bring good news, my boy,
With an opening, right away.

So while you break the seals and read,
I'll write this "ad." up here.
I wish that "biz." would pull up a bit,
For things look devilish queer.

There was poor Jim Rhodes, the heavy man,
He was in here twice last night;
But that piece ain't on at the Standard—
If it was, he'd be all right.
And there's La Dieux, she's been here too;
It's tough with her, poor soul:
An invalid mother at home to nurse,
And no wealth to get food or coal.

Threatrical agencies are no good.
Why! two or three years ago,
When I went in the biz. graft was immense,
But it's different now, you know.
I've got more people booked, my boy,
Than could play a week in a year,
And fill each minstrel hall and
Each variety theatre here.

What! kicking again? Well, what's up now?
Bad news—I see it plain.
From Shelby, eh, and Stetson, too.
'No opening—write again.'
The same old story, you say. Oh, pshaw!
See here, what would you do
If you had a wife and kids to feed
And no snap for a month or two?

Why, bless you, I knew a poor fellow once,
It was only a year or two—
Just give me a light while I fill the old pipe,
And I'll tell the story for you.
There's nothing doing at all to-day,
So we'll just chat awhile,
And then we'll take a skip down town
And indulge in a friendly smile.

It was only a year or two ago,
As I have said before,
When "Tony" was on the Bowery,
And Karl Klein, he kept next door;
While Poole was down at the Comique,
And things with us were fair,
I was sitting, one morning early,
Right here in this very chair,

When a fellow I knew—an actor, too,
Not one who deals in cheek,
Or one of those Talma'd Romeos
For six and a half per week,
But a scholar and a gentleman—
Came in at that very door,
With a woe-begone and weary look
I never saw before.

"Why, what's the matter, George?" I said,
For I noticed, right away,
That something had gone wrong with him;
"You're looking glum to-day;
Wife and the kids all well, I hope."
He smiled a ghastly smile,
But I noticed a sharp twitching
Of the under lip the while.

"Come in, old man, come in," I said;
"I've half an hour to spare,
I want to chat about the times—
Be seated—have a chair.
The postman will be in here soon;
His calls of late, it seems,
Are like Pat Rooney's serial tales,
Quite 'few and far between.'

"What's that? 'Twas Campbell wrote that line?
But then, of course, you know
That plagiarists are cheeky chaps—
At least I find them so;

Originals are not so thick
Just at this very time
As Beautiful Snows, authors, or
The poets who wrote 'Crime.'"

He studied and then asked me
If "I'd anything to do
For him." He hadn't worked a tap
For near a month or two.
And when he spoke of the folks at home,
I pledge my word to you
It kind of made me weaken.
But what was I to do?

I told him to drop in again
In perhaps a day or so,
And something might turn up—of course
To brace him up, you know.
But I noticed something curious
In the look of his bright eye,
And when I said good-afternoon,
He answered me, "Good-by."

When he'd gone out I turned my thoughts
To business right away,
I had some correspondence
With customers that day.
But somehow—it's d—d funny,
I scarce can tell you why—
Instead of ending with "Truly Yours,"
I'd wind up with "Good-by."

Did you ever have a feeling
That things wasn't just in place,
A kind of idea that your
"Nut had got off its 'cabase'?"
Well, so it was with me that day,
No matter how I'd try
To keep from thinking how George looked
When he said to me, "Good-by."

It was no use—I "piked" around,
I couldn't do a thing:
I couldn't read, I couldn't write,
I couldn't talk or sing.
So I put on my hat and coat, and
Said I to myself,
"I'll go 'cross town and hunt George out,
And I'll spare him a little wealth."

Now Brother De Witt Talmage said that
Actors never could
Sneak in at the gate of heaven
Or do a bit of good.
But De Witt, he ain't acquainted yet,
For I know some of the boys
Who do a good thing once in awhile
And don't make any noise.

But that's nothing to my story and
De Witt is not my style;
You let him alone and he'll come home,
I reckon, after awhile.
If he don't—why, I shan't worry, for he
Would not go in
To "the little church round the corner,"
If you or I "cashed in."

Well, to proceed: I went 'cross town, to
A place perhaps you know,
A tenement house in Chrystie Street,
In a place called "Lovers' Row."
I climbed up three long flights of stairs,
And at last I reached the door,
And I knocked, with a dread feeling
I had never felt before.

I knocked again, no answer came,
I listened—all was still,
And over my whole being there crept
A deathly chill.

I called aloud—the neighbors came—
We bursted in the door;
We entered, and the man I sought
Was kneeling on the floor.

His wife and little children were
Stretched upon the bed,
And close beside their wasted forms
This actor kneeling—dead.
Dead of a broken heart, because
That wife and little babes
Had starved in this great city,
With no friendly hand to aid.

"Dead of a broken heart"—good God!
Can such things ever be,
In this great heaving, throbbing world,
And no one there to see?
They say, old man, that there is One
Who "notes the sparrow's fall,"
Whose loving eye is ever on the
Sinner, saint and all.

There was a postal card beside him
I stooped and picked it up.
It told the old, old story—
It had overrun the cup;
For on one side I read the actor's
Residence and name,
And on the other were these words,
"No opening—write again."

A little ray of sunshine stole
Athwart the attic floor,
Lighting the tear-stained faces of
The neighbors round the door,
Gilding the silken tresses of the
Little folks he loved,
Alike unto a messenger from
That bright home above.

They'd gone away from us, old man,
Up to that good old home,
Up to the One who bade us
"Suffer little ones to come;"
To that bright land where there's no more
Of sorrow, care and pain,
To a manager who never said,
"No opening—write again."

NEUTRALIA;

OR, LOVE, PHILOSOPHY, AND WAR, BY IRONQUILL, THE VICTIM, WHO RISES TO EXPLAIN.

WHEN some people write a novel
They begin it with a motto,
But as I am not compelled to,
I suppose I hadn't ought to.
Let me say, the war broke out
And I went for a commission,
And I dragged credentials forward
With most elegant precision.

Well, I got a good position
On the staff of Gen. Skububs,
So I went and bought a quantity
Of military flubobs;
First, a little gilt-edged sabre,
With its bright metallic flashes,
Then a lot of fancy buttons,
Gilded shoulder-straps and sashes.

A military cap, with gold lace
Upon its borders,
And I signed "By order of"
To all his military orders.

Now, I'll bet you half a dollar
  There is nothing now can charm ye
Like a place upon the staff
  Of the man that runs the army;
For they honor gilded buttons,
  It makes no difference where they find 'em,
But they seldom see the soldier
  That is standing up behind them.

And the thing the world calls rank,
  Why, it's nothing more than gilding—
Like the palaces of fairies,
  Just a misty sort of building.

Go and get a third-class drayman,
  Stupid, awkward as a camel;
I can wrap him up in purple,
  I can dope him with enamel,
And I'll call this man a king;
  And I'll plant him in a palace,
And peg some courtiers round him
  Dressed conspicuously gallus.

And I'll gamble off my hat
  That as certain as I try it,
As sure as I infest him
  With a potent royal fiat,
All the world will rush to honor him
  In one convulsive riot.
As regards these sage remarks,
  It is very consequential
That you keep them to yourselves,
  For I got them confidential.

And as soon as I had heard them,
  Off I went and bought a sabre
And resolved to go for glory
  On somebody else's labor.

Near the place where I was stationed
  Was a city, large and growing,
And its avenues and streets
  Were with business overflowing;
On the hills beyond the echo
  From the fierce commercial scramble,
Were the private houses builded,
  With magnificence Alhambral.

And the handsome, happy maidens
  In unending streams were flocking
Down the sidewalks, thro' the city,
  Stopping, shopping, and a blocking
Up the pavements, while the gay boys
  Were continually dashing
Down the highways, with the lightning
  Legged horse-flesh they were lashing.

I had scarcely got to work
  At my military station,
Ere the city balls and parties
  Sent me up an invitation.
Now there's one thing very certain,
  I am far from being handsome,
But I'm willing to affirm
  That I think I can dance some.

And (in all my wild career)
  I was never known to shirk a
Chance to enter in the spirit
  Of a waltz or a mazourka;
And I find (by computation)
  That I've worn out many millions
Of this white Wisconsin flooring lumber
  Dancing square cotillions.

Well, the gilded soldier buttons
  I was wearing seemed to blind them,
While unseen, unknown, and friendless,
  I was standing up behind 'em;

But with many happy moments
  My official stay was flavored,
And I found myself a guest
  Even more than honored—favored.

Soon there came a grand old *soiree*,
  And the city all attended;
And the hall was hung with flowers
  And decorations splendid,
And the chandeliers were draped
  With a tissue gauze that sent a
Sort of sifted light, suffused
  With a delicate majenta.

And the splendid jewels glistened,
  And the ribbons and the laces
In the tinted light were floating
  Like the drapery of Graces;
And the rich brocaded textures,
  With their rash, peculiar rustle,
Roared a ceaseless, solemn bass
  To the all-pervading bustle.

Round the room the ladies floated
  In their moire antique and satin,
While the boys (behind large smiles),
  Bowed to this 'un and to that 'un;
And the floor was full of waltzers,
  And the air with laughter laden,
While the orchestra it moaned
  Like a broken-hearted maiden.

And it moaned, and sobbed, and shrieked,
  In a wail for human folly,
While the fiddlers chewed tobacco
  And looked very solemncholly,
And above the caller's calling,
  And the wild tempestuous chatter,
Rose the grand, combined results
  Of the aggregated clatter.

It was just about this moment
  That I made a sudden entree,
And I added to the list
  Of the dithyrambic gentry;
And hardly had the time
  To appreciate it fully,
When a chap I didn't know
  Said the thing "was mighty bully."

Then I asked him who he was,
  And I frowned upon the creature,
And he said his name was "Boggs
  And his father was a preacher;"
And he asked me then who I was,
  And I said I was "an aide
Camp upon old Skubub's staff;"
  Then he said there was a lady
He would like to have me dance with—
  Well, I told him I was willing,
But I really thought I needed
  Some preliminary drilling;
But he said it made no difference,
  And he knew that I would answer,
For the lady he would show me
  Was a very charming dancer;
And she'd show me through the changes
  If I needed the instruction—
Then I told him to propel
  With the threatened introduction.

Now my backwardness was stuff,
  For I had a certain notion—
That I was all "hunkey dorey"
  On the poetry of motion;
But the worst of nature's phases—
  Yes, the funniest and oddest—
When a man with frightful cheek
  Makes an effort to be modest.

I took the introduction—
  Boggs said her name was Laura—
So I made my finest bow,
  And I eyed the lady for a
Bout a half a dozen seconds;
  Then I asked her to determine
If she'd take me for a partner
  In the next ensuing German;
And she smiled like the Madonna,
  And she answered "Yes" so sweetly,
That I drifted out to sea
  And she captured me completely.

I have heard them talk of Guido,
  Of Van Dyke and the Florello,
But I'll take my deposition
  That there never was a fellow
That could plaster any pigment
  On to canvas or on paper,
Or could ever paint a picture
  That could ever hold a taper,
That could ever be compared
  As in happiness of feature—
Or in symmetry of form
  To that sunny-hearted creature,
That was pointed out by Boggs—
  The descendant of the preacher.

Let old Virgil praise the Naiads
  Of the rapid, blue Erotes,
Spokeshave dances airy fairies
  On the light leaves of the Lotus—
If you'd sit them down by Laura
  They would scarcely get a notice.

She had such a calm, bland way,
  And her tongue was never running
In an endless, eager effort
  To say something very cunning;

But she looked you in the eye
  When she talked, or when she listened,
And you'd always know her feelings
  By the way her blue eyes glistened.

There may be women fairer—
  Of more elegant demeanor—
Of more useful information,
  Calmer, lovelier, serener;
But if there be such a one,
  The deponent hath not seen her.

On her finger gleamed a diamond
  With prismatic hues incessant,
On her neck a string of pearls,
  Solid moonlight, oppolescent;
Or at least they say she wore them
  On the evening of the soiree:
If she did I didn't see 'em—
  All I saw or heard was Laura.

But I guess she must have worn them,
  For that pompous, ugly madame
Parvenoodle since informed me
  That old Banger's daughter had 'em,
And that all of Laura's jewels
  Were much cheaper and much duller,
And inferior to hers
  Both in brilliancy and color.

Now this madame Parvenoodle—
  Who disparaged everybody—
Was a perfect beau ideal
  Aristocracy of shoddy;
And her husband made his money—
  If I'm not much mistaken—
On a very recent contract
  On some very ancient bacon;
And so far as it was known
  She divided up her slander

('Twixt her enemies and friends)
With a most impartial candor;
And she had a way of talking
So that folks could understand her.

Well, that night has flown forever,
With its floor so smoothly waxen—
Gone are all those chestnut ringlets,
Gone those tresses, brown and flaxen;
Gone the stand-up paper collars,
Gone the faultless Anglo-Saxon.
But they glitter in my fancy
Like the distant neutethedral,
Steeple, domes and sunlit turrets
Of some beautiful cathedral.

All the next day and the next,
That succeeded the grand *soiree*,
I was crazy as a June bug.
All I thought of, was Miss Laura.
All the office work got tangled,
With the thoughts of fields Elysian,
And the ink it wasn't slung,
With the requisite precision.

And I mixed the post returns
With the details and the orders,
Till old Skububs made remark,
That "My mind seemed on the borders;"
Here he winked a knowing twinkle
At the cavalry inspector,
Colonel Skoopendyke and Chopemup,
The medical director.

On the borders of insanity,
From blighted love or tremens;
And they took a wink about,
And they shouted all like demons.

Then I played indignant on them,
  And I told the witty triad,
I was going for a maiden,
  That was fairer than a dryad;

And if any individual
  Should make an observation,
That would make this girl the object,
  Of a slight consideration,
That I'd jam his *ossa frontis*;
  That's a Latin name I borrowed,
For a bone a person carries,
  I believe it's in his forehead.

Skububs was a nice old man,
  Very courteous and pleasant,
Brave as a Namean lion,
  In the battle omnipresent;
He appreciated fun,
  Was a dignified old joker;
A splendid judge of horseflesh,
  And an everlasting smoker;
Punished ardent spirits mildly,
  And a perfect whale at poker.

And he knew his little business,
  For he'd had a lifetime training
In the theory of war
  And the practice of campaigning.

Well, to shorten the narration,
  And prevent undue expansion
Of a melancholy story,
  I will simply say the mansion
Of old Banger saw me often
  In response to invitation,
As the choice acknowledged brute
  Of the fairest of creation.

And the fairest used to send me
  A diurnal little glyphic,
Of the hygero variety
  And demoiselle lucific.
And to parties, balls, and concerts,
  We would very often go forth,
And we talked of moonshine, love,
  Of romance, war, and so forth.

By the sacred muses nine,
  And the Genii up with 'em,
You can just presume to reckon
  I began a slingin' "rhythm,"
And the way I did it up;
  This young lady of Caucasian
Antecedents (from her lover)
  Got a stately, daily ration,
Of consolidated bosh,
  Done up somewhat in this fashion:

"Am I but the slave of fancy, necromancy,
  Has she taken me in charge?
My ideals are they real,
  Or together roam at large?
Why, I'm crazy as a loon,
For this very afternoon
  Down the street I saw her sailing like a barge."

"Never was a knight more eager to beleaguer any town
Or its walls try to flatten at the bidding of a crown,
Than am I, and I would go,
Almost anywhere, you know;
  Miss my dinner,
Grab an earthquake, crack a planet
  Like a nut;
Snatch the sun, and moon, and stars,
  If I could win her."

Now there's one thing very certain,
  Man is naturally stupid,

And he somehow falls in love,
  And he lays it all to Cupid;
And he loses his discretion,
  And his comprehension narrow,
Shields his idiotic folly
  With the allegoric arrow.

When a man is deep in love,
  The successful rumination
Of the plainest kind of gum,
  Is a difficult vocation.

Now, when Skoopendyke, the colonel,
  Saw the way affairs were drifting,
He argued (to himself),
  "I will give the boy a lifting,
For this thing they call affection
  Is a thing that's very shifting;
So I'll get the girl myself,
  And the wedding vows shall pass, it's
Sort of warranted conveyance
  To old Banger's specie assets."

Now the Colonel was a man,
  Very chatty, very fluent,
Full of talk, and chin, and smiles,
  And a perfect social truant.
He was just the style of person;
  So successful in recruiting,
And it got him a commission
  Where he always dodged the shooting.
And went back and "grabbed a root,"
  When the bugles got to tooting.

Well, he carried out his plans,
  And he got an introduction,
And before I knew my danger,
  He was carrying destruction

On my right flank, on my left,
  Through my hopes and my ambitions,
And assaulting—one by one—
  All my salient positions.

When this status of affairs
  Came before my observation,
I lit out for Laura's mansion,
  And embraced the first occasion
To observe how much I loved her;
  When I had her mind refreshed on
This (to me) important topic,
  I propounded her the question.

Would she have me, would she not?
  She requested me to bother
That outlandish old persimmons
  That she called her dear kind father.
Well, I leaned back in my chair,
  Found the arm-holes of my waistcoat,
Stuck my thumbs in, viewed the ceiling,
  And concluded that I'd risk it.

Old man Banger was a crabbed, cross-grained banker
  And he held on to his money,
Like a ship does to its anchor;
  That a poor man could be honest,
Was a thing he always doubted;
  That religion wasn't humbug,
Was an idea he scouted.

Life for him had just two phases,
  And these two he always noticed,
It was never over-draw,
  And protect your note from protest.

Well, I went to interviewing him,
  Laura's dear beloved paternal,
And I found him in the evening,
  In his office with the Colonel;

And the Colonel, he was boasting
  Of the wealth that he was wielding,
Of the real estate he owned,
  And the rental it was yielding.

And he went on telling Banger,
  How his ardent love was centred
On the blue-eyed little Laura,
  When I came, and knocked, and entered.

Just as soon as I beheld them,
  I as quickly apprehended
That my cake henceforth was dough,
  And my love affair was ended;
But I couldn't stop my talking,
  It was too late to retrace it;
I saw the storm a brewing,
  And I braced myself to face it.

All I had to say I said,
  And a look of calm discredit
Overcame old Banger's features
  Just the moment that I said it;
And he rose upon his feet,
  And he paced the floor a minute,
While he kept his eye upon me
  With a look of sarcasm in it.

"What! my daughter, little Laura?
  Well, I reckon I can answer,
If you'll give me just a little
  Information in advance, sir.
What coupons have you got?
  What ducats can you put up?
The collateral's the stuff—
  What assets can you foot up?

"Little Laura is expensive,
  And I don't want you to court her
Unless you have securities
  Sufficient to support her."

Here I opened out my belfry
  And replied, "Several dollars'
Worth of recklessness and shape
  And a box of paper collars."
And I weighed him out a smash
  On the bone that's got the Latin
Name I spoke of once before,
  And you should have seen him flatten.

Then I turned unto the Colonel,
  Saying, "John, I've brought your saddle
Home and hung it on the floor;"
  Here the Colonel did skedaddle
Thro' a door which I had opened
  For his egress, and he ran on
Down the street as if I'd shot him
  From a twelve-inch rifled cannon.

Then I took old Banger home
  In a 'bus that happened handy;
And I bid him an adieu
  On the steps of his veranda;
And for many days thereafter
  He was toteing a proboscis
That was big enough to fit
  On the Rhodian Colossus.

On the next day came my grief—
  Time can nevermore abridge it—
Laura wore the Colonel's ring
  On her left engagement digit;
And I felt when I beheld her
  View me coldly like a stoic,
That I'd go and do a something
  Most romanticly heroic.

I can give you a prescription
  That will always make a hero:
Go and get a full-fledged lover
  And reduce his hopes to zero;

Get a man that loves a woman
  With devotion pure and steady
Let the woman weaken on him
  And your hero is all ready.

Now just turn him loose and watch him,
  See old Cerberus he cringes;
Lo! the red-hot gates are beaten
  From their solid brazen hinges,
And hell's blue plutonian standard
  He is sabering into fringes.

And he's dealing harsh percussion
  With a violence volcanic
On the hacked and battered helmet
  Of the Emperor Satanic,
Who calls loudly on his squadrons
  That are crumbling into panic.

I was feeling very bungling
  At this certain trying juncture,
And I made my mind up fully
  That I really ought to puncture
Colonel S.'s epidermis
  As a moral obligation,
When old Skububs got an order
  For a sudden change of station.

And in eighty hours thereafter
  We were trying hard to plant a
Little striped piece of bunting
  On the bastions of Atlanta.

And the vibratorial roaring
  Of the parrot and the mortar
Gave me something else to think of
  Beside old Banger's daughter,
Who (a thousand miles in safety
  From the carnival infernal),

Was dreaming of the danger
  Of her rich and absent Colonel,
Who, not fancying the front,
  Got a detail of employ
Buying horses for our army corps
  In southern Illinois.

Well, we slashed them at Atlanta,
  And we burst them like old china;
Then we chased 'em down through Georgia,
  And we raced 'em through Carolina;
But our grub gave out at last—
  Fortune could no more relate us—
And we sighed for rice and mule-pie,
  And we foraged sweet potatoes.

Till at last old Sherman told us,
  "Boys, you're just obliged to reach a
Little fleet of floating grub
  At the mouth of the Ogeetchee;
But a fort—my cherished Bummers—
  Lies between you and the water,
And we'll have to live on yams
  Till you thieves have gone and got her.

"And you'll find her hard to capture,
  Scarp and Glac is pallisaded,
And the parapets are steep,
  And they'll have to be 'scaladed;
And the pathway of attack
  Will be five-fold enfiladed."
Then he turned and asked old Hazen
  If he thought "his thieves could take it?"
And old Hazen said, "You bet ye;
  Aint they just obliged to make it?"

Oh! the way that we went for it!
  And in just a holy minute
We was through it, round it, over it,
  Under it, and in it—

The way that we went through it,
  Like a regiment of tunnels,
Till we reached our broad supply-ships
  With their fiery, fuming funnels,
And with grub upon their decks
  Piled six yards above the gun'als.

"See those Bummers," said old Sherman,
  With most elegant emotion;
"Aint their heads as horizontal
  As the bottom of the ocean?
Fort McAllister stops firing, Corse;
  See! Hazen's Bummers jam it.
The Bums, hell, hel-hel-hell!
  The thieves, oh! damit, damit, damit!"
And Tecumseh he chassayed
  In a manner very frantic,
While lean Corse (of steep Altoona),
  He was equally antic—
We had finished the campaign
  From Atlanta to Atlantic.

What was little Laura doing?
  She was reading hasty snatches,
Here and there, of grand old battles,
  In the rapid press dispatches.
She was looking through the columns
  For her rich, high-minded suitor—
He the bravo of the parlor,
  He the dashing, gay recruiter;
Who had gambled and drank gin
  From McGregor down to Natchez—
It was he that she was seeking
  In the rapid press dispatches.

And she said, "If I should find him
  'Mong the wounded, dead and dying,
It will be with fame's bay chaplet
  On his manly bosom lying;

So intrepid and so fearless.
  Ah! my colonel, my Apollo,
Being led by such as thou art,
  Who is he who dare not follow?
All the world shall be emblazoned
  With thy rich, magnetic valor"—
Here she paused, to read a moment,
  And her face it blanched with pallor.

For she read a little local,
  How the Colonel (down at Cairo)
Went and gambled off his money
  At a little game called faro.
With about a hundred thousand
  He'd unwisely been entrusted,
And he hunted up the "tiger"
  And stayed with it till busted;
And he hadn't bought a horse,
  So the Colonel up and dusted.

But they captured him at last,
  And they gave him an impartial
Sort of trial—down at Memphis—
  At a general court-martial
And because he fed the "tiger"
  With some "stuff" that wasn't his'n,
They contracted for his labor
  In a military prison.

Little Laura reads the local—
  Not upon the taper finger
Does the amethystic circlet
  Of the Colonel longer linger;
But she flings it from her, shrieking,
  And the blue-eyed little dreamer—
Swooning on the brussels carpet—
  Lies without a single tremor.

* * * * *

Many years have passed and gone,
  Colonel Skoopendyke is buried—
General Skububs reached the Senate,
  His opponent being ferried
Up a salt saliferous streamlet
  In the kingdom of Kentucky,
Just because his name warn't Skububs,
  Which was certainly unlucky.

And Old Skububs, he is honest—
  If you don't believe it, try him;
There he sits up in the Senate,
  Draws his mileage and *per diem*,
And he's been so lucky stealing
  That no one now could buy him.

Dr. Chopemup, the surgeon,
  Has lately gone to giving
Good advice—instead of pills—
  And he makes an honest living:
And he's quit inspecting pulses
  And amputating eye-balls,
And he's gone to spreading tracts,
  And to hammering on bibles:
As he couldn't save men's bodies,
  Why he went and took a task a
Saving all the rest about 'em,
  Up at Omaha, Nebraska.

Madame Parvenoodle's husband
  Is a prominent civilian,
And he sweeted Uncle Sammy
  For about a half a million;
Wherefore, Madame got religion,
  And she joined the church for morals,
And she talks about her husband—
  Of her neighbors and their quarrels;
And she says she has "a Savior,
  And a smashing span of sorrels."

"Boggs," the preacher's son, is farming,
  For he went and bought a breaker,
And he raised a crop of sod-corn—
  Sixteen bushels to the acre;
And he takes his "pizen" steady,
  And he says he understands his
Little business "bustin' prairie,"
  Out in Cowley County, Kansas.

"Boggs" has laid him out a city,
  But he couldn't show a comer
Where the stakes were set,
  The grass had grown fearfully last summer.

Old man Banger is a pauper;
  When the banks began to crumble
And the price of gold was falling,
  He was ruined in the tumble—
Money made him, and unmade him—
  It was all that could sustain him—
Fortune (taking it away) irretrievably hath slain him.

Any man is brave with money—
  Braver far is he without it
Who dares always act uprightly,
  And not fret himself about it.
It will never do to falter
  If calamities assail us,
If misfortune sweeps down on us
  Like the vultures, simultaneous.
It will never do to weaken—
  It is cowardice to fly them;
Do like old Troalian Ajax—
  Strike an attitude, defy them!

If we waver and fall back,
  Fate will ever then be urging
Us, like galley-slaves, at nightfall,
  Back to our dungeon scourging.

Every man and every woman,
  Irrespective of position,
Is a living, breathing romance—
  Be they pauper or patrician.
Each "day's doings" makes a pamphlet,
  Which we bind in gold and velvet,
And (beside preceding volumes)
  In our memory we shelve it.

When the work of day is ended,
  And the evening shuts the skylight,
And the Northern crown and hydra
  Stands transfigured in the twilight;
When Orion's blazing girdle
  Gleams with hues of gold and lilac,
And around the pole careening
  Whirls the Phantom Arcto Philac.

Oft I go to read these volumes
  In the alcove, where I store them;
In my stocking feet I saunter,
  Into memory's *sanctorum;*
In the parlor of my memory
  I—one by one—look o'er them.

From their shelves I take them, gently,
  With their gold and velvet covers—
One by one I turn their pages,
  Read of heroines and lovers—
Read of recklessness in men—
  Read of constancy in woman—
Read of sieges, and of marches,
  And endurance superhuman,
Which the melancholy years
  With prismatic hues illumine.

Then my fancy turns to dreaming,
  And the chandelier burns dimmer,
'Till its rays begin to waver
  With a pale, unsteady glimmer;

And they quarrel with the shadows,
  Which they vainly try to banish;
Then they gather up their forces
  And mysteriously vanish.

All at once comes indication
  Of a strange, odylic presence,
And the atmosphere and room
  Teems with magic phosphorescence;
And it stands in bold relief,
  Every moment growing bolder,
And I feel some unseen fingers
  Rest their weight upon my shoulder.

Then I feel the thermal current
  Of a mild, mesmeric aura—
It whispers, I awaken!
  'Twas the blue-eyed little Laura.

HIS TRANQUIL PASSENGER.

A WOMAN hailed a Broadway car at Thirty-fourth street and stood still until the car came to a full stop. It was in the morning. It was a crowded car, and behind time. The woman had a large, trustful, and tranquil face. She stood on the gutter and yelled, "Conductor, do you pass Grace Church?"

"Yes, we do," said the conductor; "are you going this week?"

"Well," said the woman peacefully, "I think I will go now."

"Well, I would not be too sudden about it," said the conductor as she walked toward the car; "it might cause a rush of blood to the head."

There were seventeen men by actual count on the platform, and most of them were obliged to step out on the sidewalk so as to give the large and leisurely woman a chance to get into the car. Meanwhile a loud and angry chorus rose from the blockaded cars in the rear. She stepped on a man's toes with such frequency and effect that the man gave her a seat to save his corns, and after another man had raised and subsequently lowered the window for her she had time to keep the conductor waiting an extraordinary length of time while she explored her pockets for five cents. Presently the conductor put his head into the door and yelled, "Grace Church!" He rang the bell and the car came to a full stop. The woman rose slowly and went carefully to the rear of the car. Here she pushed her way, facing north, to the platform, placed both hands on the rail, gazed pleasantly through her glasses, and said:

"Well, that is what I call a very pretty church. I have often heard tell——"

"Oh, have you?" said the conductor, in a cold and Boston-like voice. "Perhaps you would like to stand here and look at it a little while longer."

"No," said the impervious woman, pleasantly. "I only wanted to see it. Tell me when you come to Bleecker street, will you please?"

The conductor rang his bell, the seventeen men hung on in various ways, and the ample one returned to her seat. A small man had taken it. She tapped him on the shoulder with her fan; he rose without a word, and she sank down in his place. Again the conductor put his head in the door, and this time he yelled

with mighty force, "Bleecker street!" With a face that was the picture of pleasant anticipation, the stout passenger wended her way to the rear platform again, and gazed benignly about.

"Which is the bank?" she asked slowly.

"There!" yelled the conductor, pointing with his right hand.

"Is that the bank that was robbed?"

"It is."

"It is quite a large bank, isn't it?"

The conductor said in a hollow and passionate voice that it was. Then he recovered himself, removed his hat politely, and said:

"Madam, will you be kind enough to take the car after this, please? We don't go any further. No checks are needed, as we transfer the passengers here every day." With an agreeable smile the stout lady stepped to the ground, and turned toward the following car. The conductor rang the bell briskly, the seventeen men jumped for their places on the rear platform, and the car escaped down Broadway.

KALAMAZOO IN MICHIGAN.

THE bummer, in front of the theatre door,
  Stood waiting for a check;
The police tried hard to drive him away,
  But he firmly stood on deck.
When—longing for a lunch—he turned
  And entered a beer saloon,
The bar-keeper banged him in the jaw
  With a partially filled spittoon.

The weary bummer faltered, as
  He murmured slow but sure,
"You wouldn't treat me thusly
  But you know that I am poor.
I've been taken for William Vanderbilt,
  But you see I'm not the man,
For I was born in Kalamazoo,
  Kalamazoo in Michigan."

They heeded not his pleadings,
  They heeded not his sighs,
As he spoke of the long lost ulster,
  To be redeemed in the sweet by and by.
Then he asked to look at the bread and cheese,
  Or to smell of one oyster can,
For the sake of old time Kalamazoo,
  Kalamazoo in Michigan.

He tried to sing a ballad,
  When a watch-dog lean and lank
Undertook to chew his leg off,
  And again his poor heart sank.
He called the boss a gentleman,
  Then asked him for a drink;
They threw him into the free soup pot
  But they found he wouldn't sink.

He approached the lunch laid table—
  Oh! he was a hash diminisher.
The bar-keeper looked in vain for the axe,
  And sought the fire-extinguisher.
The landlord locked the money-drawer,
  Kept his eye on the billiard-table.
Then he tried to buy a glass of beer
  With an old cigar-box lable.
Then the bar-keeper, made desperate,
  Went at him, beer mallet in hand,
And knocked him into the middle of Kalamazoo,
  Kalamazoo in Michigan.

Ben Collins.

SHAKESPEARE MODERNIZED.

ALL the world's a bar,
And all the men and women merely drinkers;
They have their hiccups and their staggerings:
And one man in a day drinks many glasses,
His acts being seven stages. At first the gentleman,
Steady and steadfast in his good resolves;
And then the wine and bitters; appetizer,
And pining, yearning look, leaving like a snail
The comfortable bar. And then the arguments,
Trying like Hercules, with wrathful frontage,
To refuse one more, one more. Then the mystified,
Full of strange thoughts, unheeding good advice,
Careless of honor, sodden, thick and guttural,
Seeking the troubled repetition
Even in the bottle's mouth; and then quite jovial,
In fair good humor while the world swims round,
With eyes quite misty, while his friends him cut,
Full of nice oaths and awful bickerings;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the stupid, slipping, drunken man
With "blossoms" on his nose, and bleary eyed,
His shrunken face unshaved; from side to side
He rolls along; and his unmanly voice,
Huskier than ever, fails and flies
And leaves him—staggering round. Last scene of all
That ends this true and painful history,
Is stupid childishness, and then oblivion—
Sans watch, sans chain, sans coin, sans everything.

POLYGLOT.

AS RECITED BY DICK GORMAN.

ONE evening in a beer saloon
A curious sextette sat,
In argument convivial,
On this thing, and on that.
An Englishman, a Scotchman,
A Frenchman, and a "Moke,"
An Irishman, and German,
And each in turn thus spoke:
"For instance," says the German,
"I like dot putty vell,
To sid down py mine counter
An' hear dem vellers yell,
Rein vine lager, and den dey have a dalk
About Unser, Fritz and Bismarck,
King William and Von Moltke."
"Arrah! away, now," cried Paddy,
"To the divil wid Bismarck,
He couldn't howld a candle
To men from the ould Dart.
To be talkin' of such nonsense,
When you know what time will bring—
We'll have a fine prime minister
When Ireland has a king;
We'll all be dooks an' dookesses,
In that island o'er the sea,
The Princess Moriarity, and the Dook O'Shoughnessy."
"Go 'long there, fellows, can't ye?"
The Englishman replied,
"Ye can't, ye know ye can't, my boy,
Beat Hingland hif ye tried;
For blow my bloomin' hoptics,
And blind my bloomin' hyes!

Take my hadvice, my roamin' pals,
See Lunnon town, then die."
"Beg ze pardon," quoth the Frenchman,
"You see ze only chance
To have ze fun and plaizir,
Was in ma la belle France.
Ze young men aire so charmant,
Le gran dame so divine—
Who would not live in Paris
Wiz ze woman, wit and wine?"
"Awee, neow," cried braw Sandy,
"Thee dinna ken what thee sae;
There's nae land loike auld Scotland,
Nae spot sae bricht an' gae.
Gie me same good auld Glan Lavac
Ta richt ma thirsty mair,
An' the de'il mae tak' all trouble,
As I swig the Esquebagh."
"Hole on dar, fellers, can't yer!"
The Pompey then he cried,
"I'se free to 'spress my 'pinion,
If you will list awhile.
Way down on de ole plantation
Dis darkey's heart was gay;
I tell yer Dixey am der place
To pass de time away."
"Well, neow! consarn my buttings!
Thar ain't a single doubt,
The ways of human natur
Are past all findin' out;
Jest listen to them ere critters,
Playin' their game of brag;
Perhaps you'll say our banner
Aint nuthin' but a rag.
But darn my tarnal picture,
I wouldn't give a rap
Fur all the furrin country
Laid down upon the map.

For this consarned Yankee nation
Ken beat 'em all, I guess;
Leastways it gives all freedom,
And to all men, happiness."

Sallie Adams.

LISTEN TO THE DINNER BELL.

LISTEN to the dinner bell at twelve o'clock each day,
How the boarders shout and laugh,
And to provender hurry away;
The landlord looks so pale and thin
As they sit down to eat,
He hardly knows, when they're all in,
Which one his board will beat.
"Say, pass that union butter," one
Of these boarders said,
"If the mill doesn't grind to-day,
We shan't get any bread."

What a hardened, hungry lot
These boarders seem to be;
How they grab and gormandize
Most everything they see;
Butter, eggs, and rare roast beef
All will fade away,
And can never be replenished
With the bills those boarders pay.
Slowly speaks the landlord,
"Oh, will they ever go!
I can't redeem my ulster
With the money that they owe.

"Take this lesson to yourselves,
But please take nothing more:

Pay your board and leave my house,
Or I'll 'fire' you from the door.
Go out West and dig for Indians;
You may wear gems and silk,
But the mill can never grind
With the water that's in milk.
You want your trunk, I want my cash—
I've trusted you enough,
Oh, you can't fool me—don't be rash,
And say my turkey's tough.
Take this lesson to yourselves, before
You bring your trunk;
The coffee mill can never grind
When the cook is on a drunk."

THE GROWLER CLUB.

HAVE I visited The Growlers? Well, I should remark. Did I enjoy myself? Well, rather—yes, through the kindness of genial Jack Conway I found myself seated (one Sunday night) behind one of the numerous tables in the lodge room of "The Growlers." My first official act on taking the chair was to take a beer. I then took another glass with my friend Cropsey, and then imbibed a glass of lager with one of "the beer committee." As the other members of the aforesaid committee seemed to feel slighted, I drank a glass of the foaming beverage with each one in turn. I do not remember of ever having seen lager so plentiful, except when Mike Norton ran for alderman some twenty years ago, or when my friend Joe Doyle and the "New Haven boys" visited Tracy's back room.

The meeting was called to order by a tap from the

chairman's gavel, who immediately announced that "The Growlers" would be pleased to listen to Mr. Henry Patterson, whereupon Mr. Patterson's florid and smiling countenance loomed up at the piano (where Senator Frank Webber presided), and that gentleman sang several songs, each of which was heartily and deservedly encored. Patterson is a rattler; when he opens his mouth he makes you forget that you have any poor relations in Ireland. Then followed songs, dances, bone solos and recitations innumerable, thickly interspersed with lager, until at last, after drinking the good health of every member of "The Growler Club," we were (not unexpectedly) called upon to contribute to the amusement-loving company assembled. We say, not unexpectedly, for we had summoned our freshest smile and most courtly gesture before the mirror in our seven by nine apartment, before starting out, knowing that we would be called upon, and egotistically flattering ourselves that we should make a hit. We did, with ourselves.

We gracefully advanced, carefully airing our best nonchalant stage-walk, and ascending the rostrum we gazed out upon the expanse of faces, and then all was chaos. The beer predominated. We started to render "Hamlet's Soliloquy." We succeeded in getting as far as "To beer not to beer, that is the question," when the question got mixed. We rallied our forces and started on again with "The Little Hero," but we only got "from Liverpool across the Atlantic," and there we landed again. Encouraged by a few kind friends in the audience we again essayed "A Short Poem." We managed to get through with that and retrieve ourselves

because the scene was laid in a bar-room. After this wonderful victory we carefully regained our seat and paid more attention to the new beer committee, with whom it was necessary to drink, as the committee had been changed since the opening of the session. And here we desire to remark that there is more good genial fun and enjoyment to be found at "The Growlers," than any place that it has been our good fortune to visit in the metropolis. The session broke up and we meandered home; tried to unlock the front door with a pocket-comb, and aroused our better-half, who, after opening the door and learning from us where we had been, said that thereafter we would be apt to find growlers enough at home. We mildly acquiesced, tumbled into bed, went to sleep and dreamed that we were turned into a big tin growler, and was sitting beneath the fountain in the park, which was spouting lager beer, while beer kegs with wings on were flying around us. Which makes us say, Long life to "The Growlers."

LITTLE BREECHES.

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show,
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful of things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free-will, an' that sort of thing;
But I b'lieve in God an' the angels,
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along;
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him, for purty an' strong;
Peart, an' chipper, an' sassy,
Allus ready to swear an' fight;
An' I'd learnt him to chaw terbaccer
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As we passed by old Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And I left the old team at the door:
They skeered at something an' started,
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, an' all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie—
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we mustered up some torches,
And we searched for 'em far an' near.
At last we found hosses an' wagon
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upset, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide or hair was found.

Now here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critter's aid,
I jest dropped down on my marrow bones,
Crotch deep in the snow, an' I prayed.
At last the torches they all gin out,
An' me 'n Isrial Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
That he said was somewhere thar.

We found it at last, a little place
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
I peeped in, an' saw 'em all huddled thar
So warm, so sleepy, an' white.

And thar sot Little Breeches, an' chirped
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chew of terbaccer,
An' that's what's the matter with me!"

How did he git thar? Angels.
He never could walk so far:
They jest scooped down, an' they toted him
To where it was safe an' warm.
An' I think that savin' a little child,
And bringin' him back to his own,
Is a *durned* sight better bizness
Than loafin' 'round the throne.

Col. John Hay.

A NIGHT SCENE IN THE STATION HOUSE AFTER TWELVE.

"COME, Harry and Tom. Take a walk around as far as the station house, I'll show you some fun—it is Saturday night, and generally the busiest of the week." This invitation was extended to two friends of mine, who, having nothing else to do, gladly accompanied me.

"Good evening, Sergeant!"

"Ah! Good evening, gentlemen, take a seat, how is—" the approach of heavy footsteps caused him to break off the conversation and retire behind his desk. A policeman entered dragging with him, by means of a handcuff fastened to his left wrist, a surly young ruffian who instantly commenced to tell his wrongs, etc.

"What's your name?"

"Why look here, Sergeant, I—"

"Your name?"

"Michael Hennessy, and, Sergeant, this cop—"

"What's your trade?"

"Yes, Sergeant, I—"

"Your trade?"

"I'm a tailor."

"What's he been up to, officer?"

"I saw him try to steal a watch and chain from a drunken man; he ran when he saw me, and after a long chase I nabbed him." Another moment and the youthful tailor of Claude Duval proclivities was languishing behind the bars. This business over, the Sergeant resumed his conversation. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am half sorry you came round to night."

"Why?" I enquired.

"Well," he said, "in the other room there lies a poor little child, mortally injured through falling from a fire-escape, four stories high. You see the weather being excessively hot the mother took her little one on the escape for air—falling asleep the child rolled off to the pavement below."

"Good God!" I said, "how terrible!"

"Yes," said the Sergeant, "I have signalled for an ambulance, and expect it every second. Come in a moment." With saddened faces we entered another room. Lying on a table, with her little feet and legs wrapped in an old coat, was a child of some four or five summers; the other occupants of the room were several officers and the father and brother of the unfortunate infant. The poor little creature was unconscious, and Death, with sable wings, was fluttering over her. The tiny hands lay listless by her side, and her white night-dress bore here and there a crimson

stain. And what a strange surrounding. We spoke in whispers, and as I passed my hand across the tiny features soon to be still in death, a woman's discordant voice from one of the cells below broke forth in a ribald song. While oaths and vile curses could be heard at intervals from others, there lay the innocent child, with its brief life crushed from its tiny clay, the guiltless soul ready to wing its way to Him who gave it, while around her, in every phase, was vice and guilt in all its vileness—and she so soon to be a messenger to Him who said:

"Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

There was a rattling of wheels, a hurried halt, a quick foot and the ambulance surgeon stepped lightly into the room. One glance, a brief examination, and a dubious shake of the head was all. Rude hands tenderly picked up the already stiffening form; placing it carefully in the ambulance, a few instructions to the miserable father, and that was all—another story was told, and the book closed.

"I believe," said my friend Harry, "you invited me round to the station house to see some fun. Please, hereafter, let me sleep with the rest of New York in ignorance of what you can see in a station house after twelve.—*Bobby Newcomb.*

ONLY A NEWSPAPER MAN.

TO THE NEW YORK PRESS CLUB.

AS RECITED BY ED. J. CONNELLY IN HIS MASTERPIECE, "THE SANCTUM."

DON'T notice the soiled paper collar,
  Or glance at the time honored shoes,
Don't mind if he has not a dollar,
  Buttonhole him and ask him the news.
His time it is nothing, don't hurry,
  Detain him as long as you can;
He 's used to all trouble and worry,
  He 's only a newspaper man.

You may smoke in his *sanctum* at leisure,
  You may tear his exchanges at will,
Put your feet on his old office table,
  And "stand off" your subscription bill.
Do not worry about his vacation,
  Make him listen to every plan
For improving the rest of creation,
  He 's only a newspaper man.

He must give you a twenty-line local,
  For Mary Matilda, the star,
And praise her abilities vocal,
  When she sang "How the Gates Came Ajar"
In the burlesque of "Hunting the Slipper."
  Then a "send off" for the leading man
Who "goes East in the spring," and *Vide* "the clipper,"
  He 's only a newspaper man.

Bring your interlined doggerel with you,
  Make him listen to every line
Of your sick milk-and-water *sonatas*,
  And your madrigals on summer time.

He's getting the milk and the honey
  While you are unfolding a plan
To get the most work for least money—
  He 's only a newspaper man.

There are some favored ones in the city,
  Whose pathway is 'broidered with flowers,
There are others,—and more is the pity,
  Whose paths lead away from these bowers;
Whose life is a season of labor,
  Let them do whatever they can
To achieve the success of their neighbor,
  Of such is the newspaper man.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

THE glinting ideality,
  That gems each mortal life,
Oft overgilds reality,
  Confusion, care and strife.
Then (banishing the bleak to-day),
  We bow at mem'ry's shrine,
And conjure up bright visions,
  Of the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

"Lang Syne" though thou art years agone,
  Thy scenes are with me still;
I see the cot upon the lawn,
  The school-house on the hill;
I climb again the chamber stair
  At sombre even time,
And (kneeling) echo mother's prayer,
  As in thy days, "Lang Syne."

"Lang Syne," ah, how I love thy shade,
  From me 'twill ne'er depart,
For recollection's meshes
  Hath entwined it round my heart.

And had I every sparkling gem
  That studs Golconda's mine,
I'd freely, gladly, part with them,
  To purchase *thee*, "Lang Syne."

"Lang Syne," ah, shall I never see
  Thy halcyon days again?
Say, shall I ne'er again be free
  From anguish, sorrow, pain?
I would not ban the fairy spell
  That wreathes thy soul in mine;
I could not breathe the word farewell,
  To thee, dear "Auld Lang Syne."

THE FLOWERS' REVENGE.

ALL Paris was mad—o'er the sudden debut
Of an actress, unknown, except to a few,
In a character now to be famous indeed.
Of fortune's few favorites she at once took the lead.
"Who was she?" they asked, "Who is she?" inquired
The throng, who with plaudits her genius admired.
"Is she young?" "Is she single?" both young and old cried,
Who in encore and bravo with each other vied.

A stranger in Paris was the fair and unknown,
A stranger, who stood absolutely alone;
But one who was suddenly crowned with a wreath,
Like the flash of a blade, hast'ly drawn from its sheath.
They called her a mystery, by genius inspired—
The coldest of critics, enthused, were fired.
Her acting was grand—her features divine—
But only at night, like a diamond to shine.

The crowds had departed, and carriages rolled,
'Twas three in the morning that Notre Dame tolled—
With sonorous tones the clang of the bell
Broke through the air like a funeral knell.

But where was "Florine," for whom all Paris sighed—
Ah, yes! there she is, arrayed as a bride,
To be wed? Alas, no! thro' the long silent hours
She stood, breathing love to a basket of flowers.

This was her passion, and she was a slave;
Her boudoir resembled a huge floral cave.
She knew but one love, she toiled but to buy
Exotics that grew under every sky.
Wealth for her labors came in Crœsus-like flow,
Which made her to flowers a merciless foe—
They were sent from afar, they crowded each sill,
The favorites she loved, she most liked to kill.

In a valley surrounded by tropical trees,
Where bright-plumaged birds sang their songs to the breeze,
Where rivulets romped o'er the pebbly beds,
And dewdrops besprinkled the flowery heads
Of every known plant, for this was the throne
Where the lily majestic sat in rule o'er her own.
She thrives on the waters and likewise the land,
No king was e'er known to the flowery band.

The glow-worms and beetles in armor were bright,
The butterfly fanned the soft breeze of the night,
The daisy blew loudly through a fuchia leaf, rolled,
Proclaiming rebellion 'gainst tyranny bold.
"We're cowards," cried the lily, in a voice pure and clear,
While the dewdrops they trembled like a maiden's first tear;
"Revenge!" said the rose, as she perfumed the air,
And "Die," said the flowers, "shall Florine the fair!"

That night Florine paced on her flower-strewn floor,
Surrounded by victims, and sighing for more,
When sleep, so oppressive, came over her eyes,
From a flowery pillow, forbid her to rise.
And then came a scene—a feast for the eye:
Why, look! Aye, in millions they keep passing by.
What equipment, what grandeur, what a disciplined horde—
Yes, there sounds the bugle, outflashes the sword.

The lily in armor as white as the snow
Sat on her charger, impatient to go;
There came from the violets knights armed cap-a-pie,
In velvety mantles as blue as the sea;
The roses were clad in mail glowing red,
Fat knights from the sunflower, with uncertain tread—
Why even the daisy, discarding all fear,
Esquired the pansy and carried her spear.

O'er Florine's fair features they marched as a host,
In dreams of her conquests she made idle boast—
Thus taunted, in millions they made plunderous raid,
And knights of all colors and perfumes they laid
On the fair heaving breast, 'till one gasping breath
Announced to the flowers their enemy's death.

In the morn, her maid found her with hands gently press'd
As if to defend the cold, quiet breast.
On a single white column that o'er her grave towers
There is carved in the stone—

"To the Lady of Flowers."

Bobby Newcomb.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.

Let me tell you a tale that was once told to me,
And although it was told me in prose at the time,
I will give it a metrical dressing, and see
If the story will lose any reason by rhyme.

There came to a store in a village one day,
A long and lank stranger in homespun arrayed;
And "good mornin'," said he, in a diffident way,
"I've jess come to town, for a bit of a trade."

The proprietor nodded and cheerily spoke:
  "Well, what can I do for you, neighbor, and how?"
"Wal, one of my wife's knittin' needles ez broke
  An' she wants me to git one—how much be they now?"

"They're two cents apiece!" "Wal, say, mister, look here,
  I've got a fresh egg, an' my wife sez to me,
'Swap the egg for the needle,'—it seems a bit queer,
  But the thing's about even,—it's a big un, yer see."

Said the storekeeper presently, "Well, I don't mind"—
  He laid down the needle and put the egg by—
When the countryman blurted out, "Ain't yer inclined
  To treat a new customer!—fact is I'm dry."

Though staggered a little, it must be confessed,
  By the "customer" coming it rather too free,
Yet smilingly granting the modest request,
  The dealer responded, "Well, what shall it be?"

"Wal, a drop of madairy I reckon 'll pass,
  I've bin used ter that ever since I waz born."
The storekeeper handed a bottle and glass,
  And the "customer" poured out a generous horn.

For a moment he eyed the gratuitous dram,
  With the air of a man who must something resign;
Then blandly remarked, "Do you know that I am
  Very partial to mixin' an egg in my wine?"

"Very well, let us finish the matter, I beg;
  You're very particular, though, I must say,"
The storekeeper muttered and handed an egg—
  The identical one he had taken in pay.

On the rim of the tumbler the man broke the shell—
  "It's cert'nly han'some the way yer treat folk:"
He opened it deftly, and plumply it fell
  With a splash: and no wonder, it had double yolk!

The "customer" saw, and a long breath he drew,
"Look, mister, that egg has two yolks, I declare!
Instead of one needle I've paid yer for two,—
So hand me another, an' then we'll be square."

NEVER GO BACK ON AN OLD FRIEND IN NEED.

SINCE apothegms now have become all the fashion,
There's one I've selected and studied with care.
It is not philosophic, it doesn't sound dashing,
But it nurtures the germs of affection so rare.
Let misanthropes sneer and philosophists argue,
By plausible reasonings don't be deceived,
But keep to the right as you travel life's pathway,
And "never go back on an old friend in need."

His clothes may be tattered, his hands hard and horny,
You know he is honest and "true to the core."
Life's pathway to him may be troubled and thorny,
While sycophants pass him, and know him no more.
But shake his rough hand with an honest affection,
Dispelling the clouds where his duty may lead,
And wealth could not purchase the sweet recollection,
Ah, "never go back on an old friend in need."

There may come a time when adversity's ocean
Shall roll its dark waves o'er your sorrowing head;
When sunbeams of hope are engulfed in commotion,
And life's dearest objects seem withered and dead:
But Bethlehem's star shall arise in its glory,
Great hearts and strong hands shall be with you indeed.
Go read in the Bible that wondrous old story,
And "never go back on an old friend in need."

All honor to him who (in right) never falters,
Who offers his friendship, his heart and his hand,
Whose judgment no "They sayer" ever can alter,
He is worthy to be the first judge in the land:

And when he shall pass from this world to another,
Write—in letters of gold—that all who run may read,
Tread softly above the dear head of a brother
Who never went back on an old friend in need.

A CULL'S CONVERSATION.

It was five in the eve, if aright I remember,
One overcoat night, t'ward the last of November,
An actor propelled him by perambulation,
With looks that betokened defunct combination.
His speed was not slow, still it might have been faster
As he searched Union Square to "dig up" Tony Pastor.
He seemed not to notice the exquisite scenery,
Aught but the signs around every "beanery."
He tried to "brace up," and to look quite imperious,
But his stomach said "nix" and it made him feel serious.
He arrived at the London, there ended his journey,
Which proves that some men can dispense with a gurney.
"Hallo, cull," was the first salutation.
"How came yer to shake de great dime aggregation?"
"Well, I'll tell yer—she busted last week in St. Louis,
An' we couldn't catch on dere, 'cause nobody knew us.
So I jest tole her knobbs dat I'd try on my muscle,
An' I lef' her behind an' I tole 'er go hustle."
"How was it you 'n his rabbs separated?"
"Oh, that's a short story dat's quickly related.
Lush all de time; he jess made me tired.
I was afeared he'd git bot' of us fired.
So I'll jess sell de stuff for whatever it fetches,
An' I'll collar a 'chip' an' go west an' do sketches."
"You remember de time dat I met yer in 'Cincy'
When you an' 'her jowls' got in dere from Quincy,
An' she was so par'lized you hed to carry 'er,
An de hotel proprietor made yer go marry 'er?"
"Yes, but de second week after I shook 'er."
"Yes yer did, when that Texas guy done ye an took her!"

"Who have I got now? oh you bet she 's a daisy,
Why in Hartford at Newtons she knocked em plum crazy;
In Ben Gilfoil's afterpiece every one hollered,
Dey made such a noise dat I tought we'd git collared.
She's a lady, you bet, an' no 'boozer' or 'kicker,'
An' der wasn't a 'crow' in de wine room could lick 'er."
"What are you doin' now?" asked our friend of the other.
"Oh, 'her revets' wanted to 'lay off' a week wid her mother;
So I bought her new togs from the 'kicks' to de 'cady,'
An' we open next week down in Newark for eighty."
"Why, my partner wrote dere, an' dey wouldn't give him it,
But wrote back dat thirty a week was de limit."
"Shut up there," a well-known voice thundered,
"Or—if I get the club—I will give you a hundred."
Some one said "drink," and without hesitation
They drank, and it stopped further "argumentation."
If the man that said "drink" had gone to his dinner,
(At mining camp prices) he would have quit winner.
"Cheese it there, Cull!" "Mr. Donaldson, excuse me,
Laying off here this week, an' I thought you might use me."
"Well, we're filled." "Filled? dat's what I supposed,
No home for de friendless since Geoghean closed."
Jim says, "Here's a case that'll get you your supper,
And a bed and a shave and a shine for your upper."
"Tanks, Jim. Ole boy, you can bet you're a dandy,
I'll send you dis back 's soon 's I have it handy."
"Send me back nothing, I'll bet you won't know me,
But I'll give you 'a pointer,'—that 's all you can owe me."
And no banner was carried (if right I remember)
That overcoat night t'ward the last of November.

J. W. Kelley.

MAMIE IS DYING.

MAMIE is dying. Yes, those were the words
That came flashing o'er the wires
To a sma' wee place in the western wilds
Ne'er decked with churchly spires.

"Our" John, as he was familiarly called,
Was the village operator;
And for four long hours he sat alone,
A thoughtful meditator.

He had listened in a sort of mechanical way
To the messages flying along,
Orders concerning the movements of the train
Kept the instrument singing its song.

It spoke of the state of the markets
At home and in foreign climes:
Christmas greetings, and friends apart
Sending tokens of love o'er the lines.

To his office there came those three little words,
So full of woe and sorrow;
Bringing grief to desolate hearts
In some homestead on the morrow.

The message he put in an envelope,
And sent it by the office lad
To an address he never knew before,
Or forgotten if he had.

There was a tear in his eye,
And his hand was trembling too;
For he had a wife and children at home,
Who loved him fond and true.

And it came to him with awful force,
If one of his darlings should be
Taken to heaven away from him,
How cheerless this life would be.

And while he still was thinking
Came again the nervous click,
And when he answered the instrument's call,
He thought of the one so sick.

"Mamie is dead! She our only hope—
I will be home in the morning,"
Were the words that came to him this time
As the day was dimly drawing.

And the tears filled the eyes of our John
Till everything seemed quite dim;
He was not ashamed of the tears he shed,
For those unknown to him.

When the morning train from the west,
Came whistling up to the station,
John was on the platform, waiting
In restless agitation.

He wanted to see the absent one
Who sent the sorrowful warnings;
His work was done, but he would not go,
Though the day was brightly dawning.

A sleigh had come to the depot,
And the driver to John had said,
That his master was coming home to-day,
For their treasure, Mamie, was dead.

When the train had stopped, a lonely man
Came forth in a weary way;
The driver quickly approached him,
And assisted him into the sleigh.

The master spoke: "Good morning, John!"—
He seemed bereft of reason—
"Our Mamie's dead; it's too darned bad!
She'd have beat 2:30 next season."

Walter Fletcher.

BO-PEEP.

"PEASE, mamma, won't you pay peep with me?"
  Said a babe scarce four years old.
She was sitting the while on her mother's knee,
  And the darling was being told
To pray for papa ere to bed she'd go
  And her bright eyes closed in sleep.
"Dod bess papa," came soft and low;
  "And mamma, pease pay Bo-Peep."

"'Our Father'; now raise up your little hands."
  "Our Fader," the darling said.
"'God bless him while in distant lands';
  Say this and we'll go to bed.
"I don't want to do yet, mamma dear."
  "Then pray that 'angels keep
Your papa in their watchful care.'"
  "If I do will you pay Bo-Peep?"

"Dod bess papa and bring him soon
  To Puss, and me, and you.
Mamma, does Dod live in the moon,
  And is papa up there too?"
"Ah, baby mine, God's everywhere
  On the land and on the deep."
"Den ask him pease to dust come here
  And let us pay Bo-Peep."

So like the child, Bo-Peep we play
  From the cradle to the grave,
Forgetting that on Judgment Day
  He'll ask you for what He gave;
Where is the seed you have sown,
  The harvest you should reap?
The seed have with the four winds blown:
  Like the baby, we played Bo-Peep.

C. T. Murphy.

ALL IN THE DRAW.

BILL, Charley and Tim playing cards in the shanty,
  Held sacred to poker and the game of Old Sledge.
'Twas Charley's first "deal" and Timothy's "anti,"
  And Bill "going blind," sat holding the "edge."

Charles looked at his "picturs" and said he was "thar,"
  And Timothy said he would "stay with his pards."
"I'll make my blind good, tho' I have nary a "par,"
  Bold Billy exclaimed, "just gimme five cards!"

Then Charley came in on a couple of "graces,"
  Or otherwise queens, and Tim on two pair,
Charley "filled in the draw," for three little aces
  Dame fortune had blindly assigned to his share.

Tim also was lucky, for a "full" set him thinking,
  What a fine institution was the game of "old draw;"
And Bill took his five, not an "eye-winker" blinking
  To reveal how they "skinn'd" 'neath his bony old paw.

"I'll bet you a dollar," cried Charles, "as a feeler."
  Tim "saw" it, and "raised" him as many as four;
And Bill, grim as death, "saw" the last of the dealer
  And Timothy's "raise" and five dollars more.

"They're bluffing," thought Charley, "and now I will skin 'em,"
  And "saw" the five "harder," and raised i a score,
And Timothy said, "*this* surely will bring 'em,"
  So *he* "saw" the twenty, and "raised" twenty more.

They kept up the bet with heedless impunity,
  They put up their pistols, their blankets and knives,
And Charley and Tim were a "busted community,"
  For Bill "scooped the pot" on four little fives!

* * * * * * *

When in the rough shuffle of life you're stuck,
  In the midst of misfortune, nary pair in your "paw,"
Don't give up your "edge," keep "rushing the buck,"
  Play close to your breast—for it's all in the draw.

LOVE'S REMEMBRANCE.

TO BARNEY MCGUIRE, ESQ.

I AM going to leave thee, darling,
  And the parting grieves me more
Than tongue can ever tell thee,
  My wife, sweet Maggie Asthore.
But angels will guard my darling,
  And keep her as spotless and white
As the stars that shine in the heavens,
  While her Barney 's far from sight.
You may trust me, my bonnie sweet Maggie,
  While distance keeps us atwain,
For I shall be anxiously waiting
  To bask in thy smiles again.

Tear drops will fall at our parting,
  My heart will whisper its love,
I'll think of thee ever, dear Maggie,
  While thou art a mateless dove;
But the hours pass by as fleetly
  As the rainbow leaves the sky,
And remembrance chides me sweetly
  Of the love-kiss by and by.
Then look on the bright side, Maggie,
  My wife, my darling, my own,
Thy image shall live in my heart, dear,
  While Barney is far from his home.

Walter Fletcher

I HEAR THEY'RE NOT LIVING TOGETHER.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE "BLIGHTED BROTHERHOOD."

THEY were married in the summer of seventy,
Out with the "Forepaugh Show,"
With him I'd been long acquainted,
But her I did scarcely know.
He was the clown and held objects,
She walked the rope at night;
They both worked in the concert,
And everything went all right.
They got along pleasantly enough,
With troubles as light as a feather,
Till she fell in love with a rider—
I hear they're not living together.

He put another one into the "biz,"
That had been a museum freak,
With a conundrum sketch they started out,
For twenty and board per week.
He the comedian, and she, poor thing,
Had to learn and answer his "gags,"
And when they didn't make a hit
He blamed it on to her jags.
They quarrelled, kicked and split,
Went west to the fairies' heather;
A cow boy took her into camp—
I hear they're not living together.

Why, there was Cuffs, of Collars and Cuffs—
He married pretty well,
A girl that lived in Kankakee,
In that town considered a belle.
He was out with a minstrel show,

No trouble, care or strife,
When he left that town next morning
He took her away his wife.
She insisted on going on the stage,
Then came stormy weather;
She and an end man made their escape—
I hear they're not living together.

They started a female minstrel troupe,
With hammocks, and tights, and gauze;
With bangs, and pads, and furbelows,
They overcame the flaws.
With red-fire angels they billed the town,
Flashed "sparks" like electric lights;
They skinned the country all around
With fairies, and spangles, and tights.
The manager got found one night
In an awkward position rather,
His dear wife caught him "dead to rights"—
I hear they're not living together.

Why! how de do, old pards,
When did you get in town?
Come up till I introduce you!
What's the matter? you look run down.
Oh! I remember—your wife, yes, yes,
I heard about the trouble—
So you're going to lead a single life,
Do you think it's better than double?
Cheer up, old friend, don't weaken a bit,
You're made of too good leather;
The business manager nailed her, eh?
Too bad you're not living together.

MORAL.

'Tis only a matter of time with them all,
When repentance comes too late,
When the waning love of the paramour
Turns to revulsion if not to hate.

When the faded charms of the wanton one
  Can no longer please the eye,
She expires each moment that she exists,
  And the stranger sees her die.
While her closing years, had she but been true,
  And not broken the nuptial tether,
Or "hit the pipe" with Long Chin Foo,
  They might have been living together.

Walter Fletcher.

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